



NO. 30
JULY
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The FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

**ALL
NEW**

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

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Production

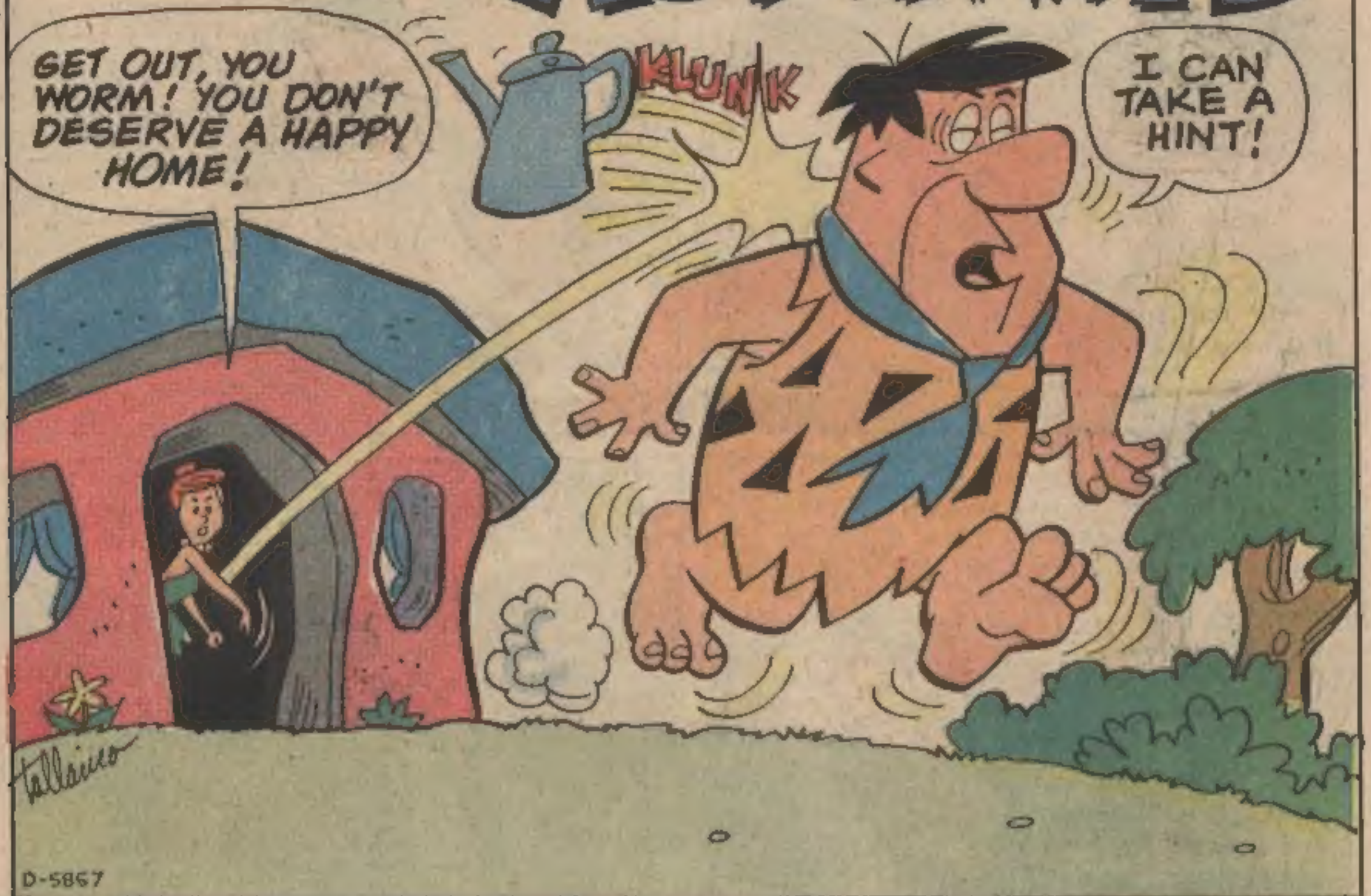


SPLAT

00748

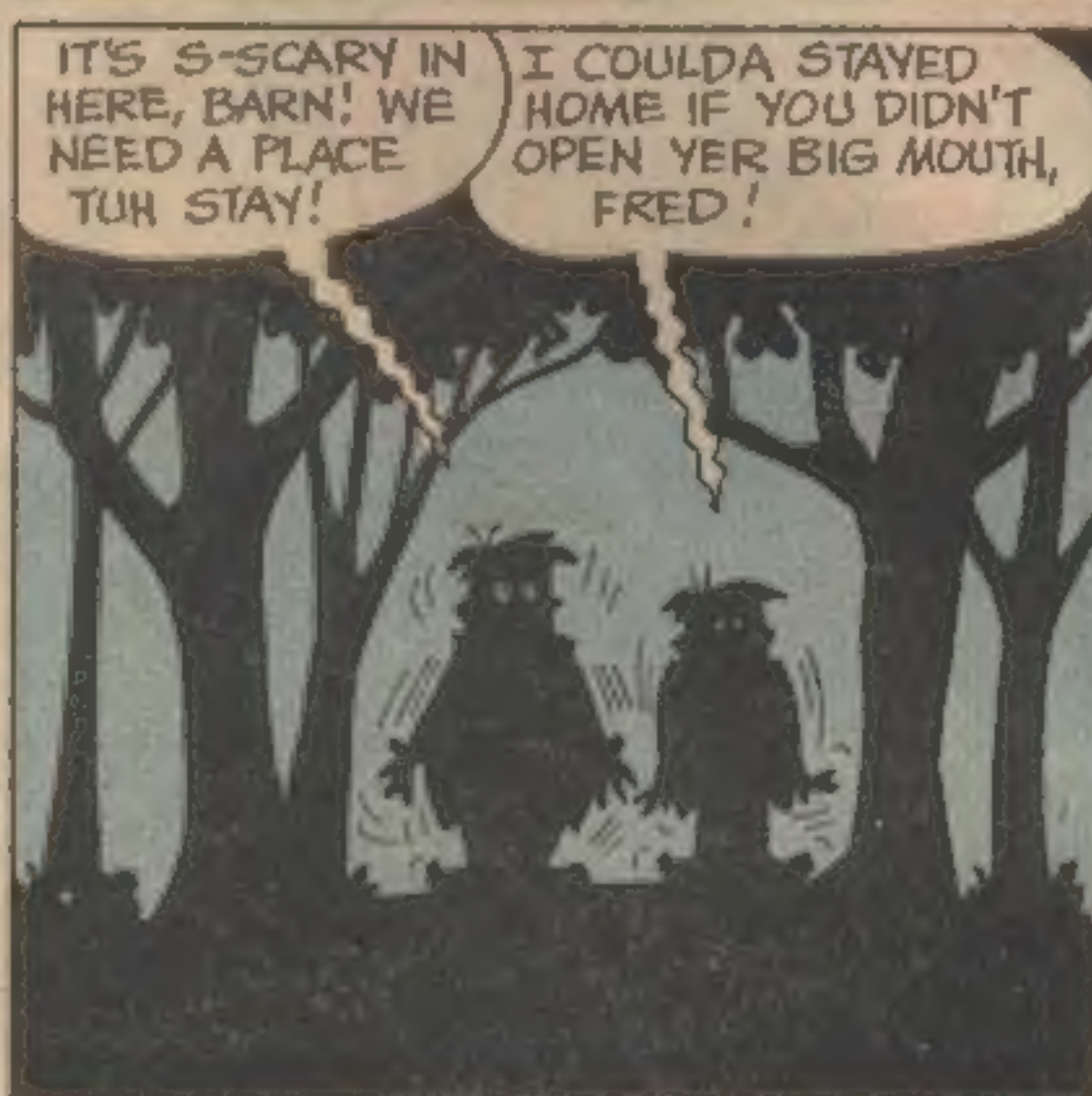
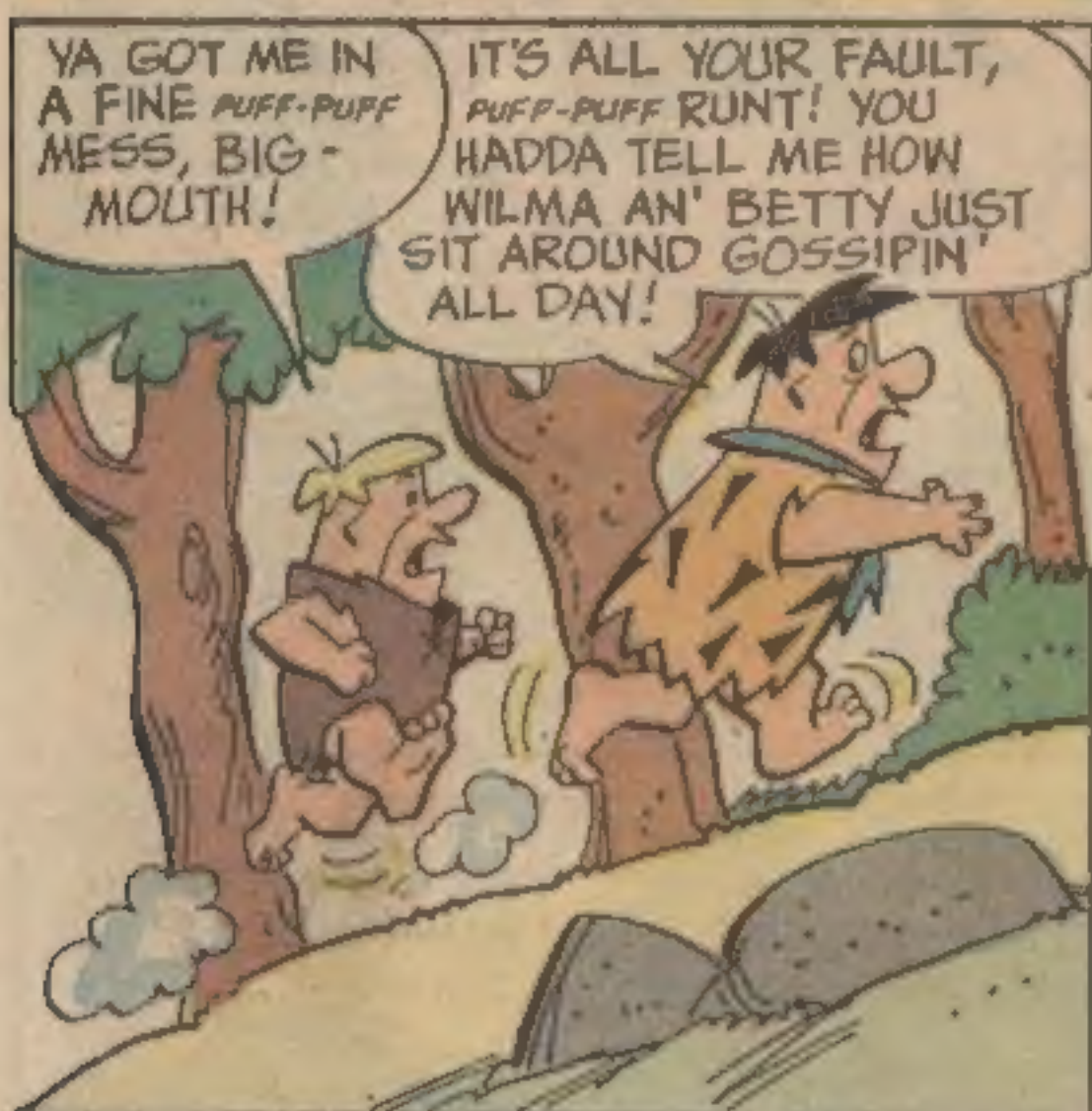
RAY
DIRGO

The FLINTSTONES IN The RUNAWAYS

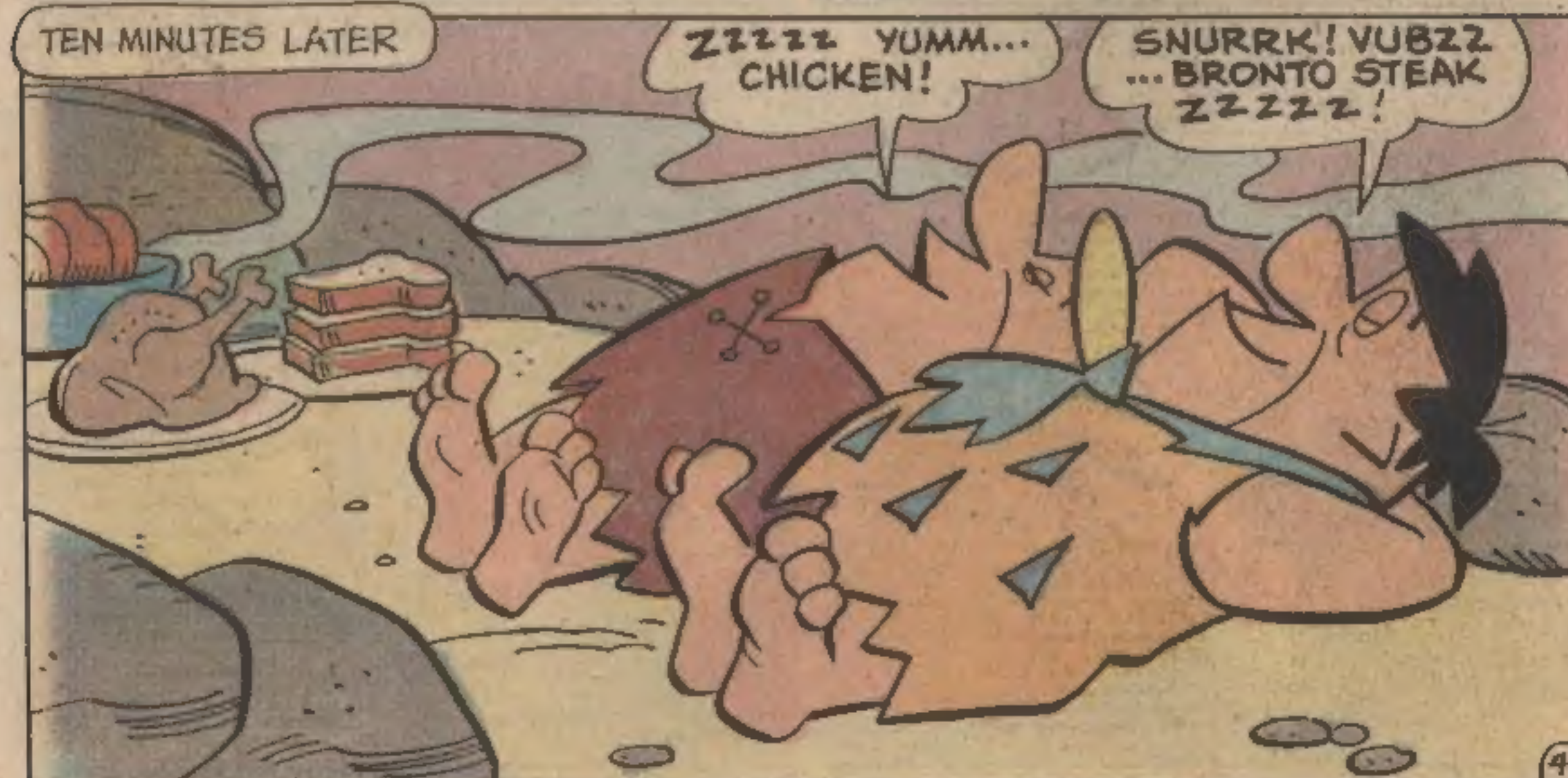


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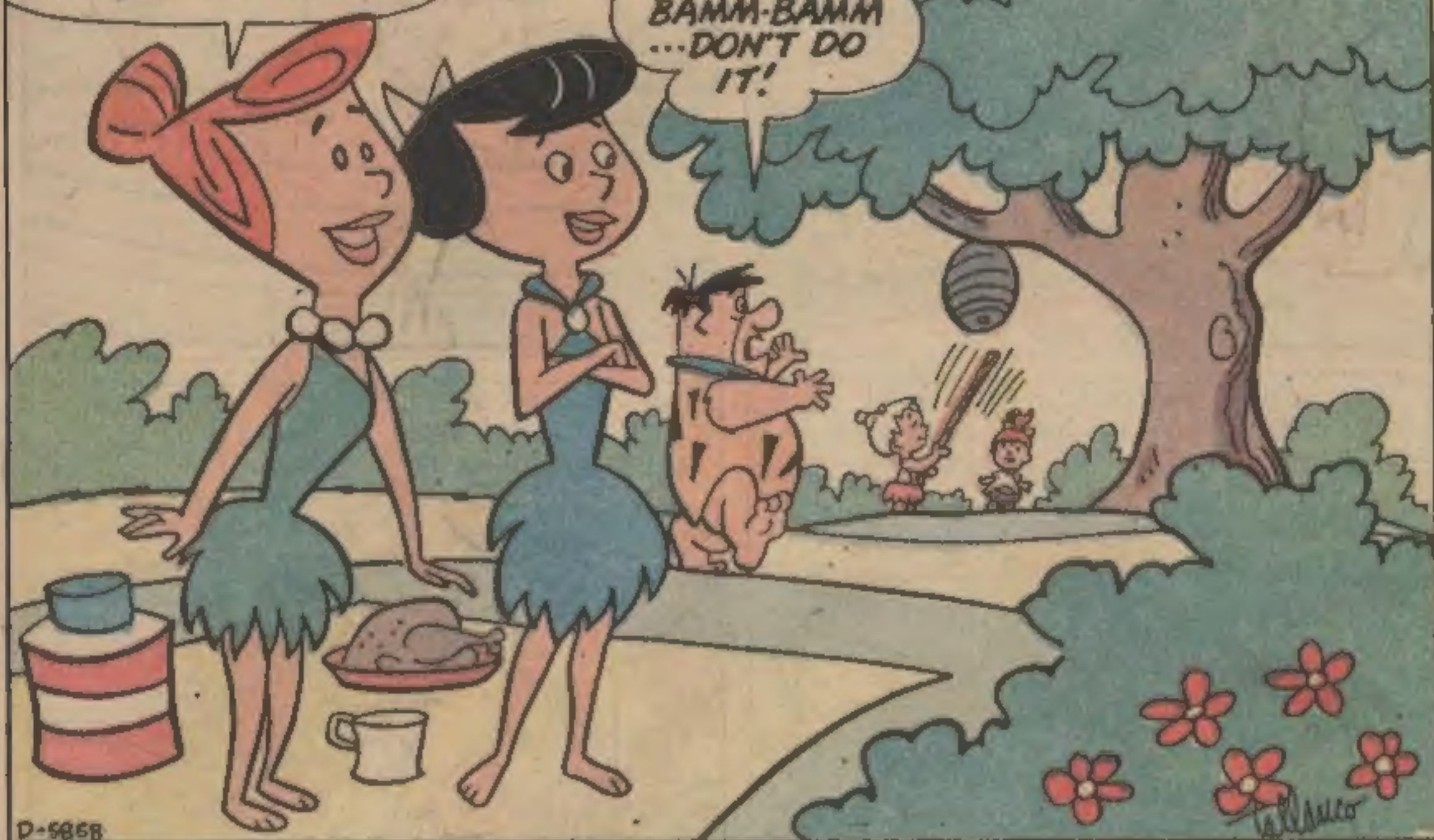




The FLINTSTONES IN FEARLESS FRED

ISN'T IT GREAT HOW FRED TAKES CARE OF THE KIDS!

NO, BAMM-BAMM ...DON'T DO IT!



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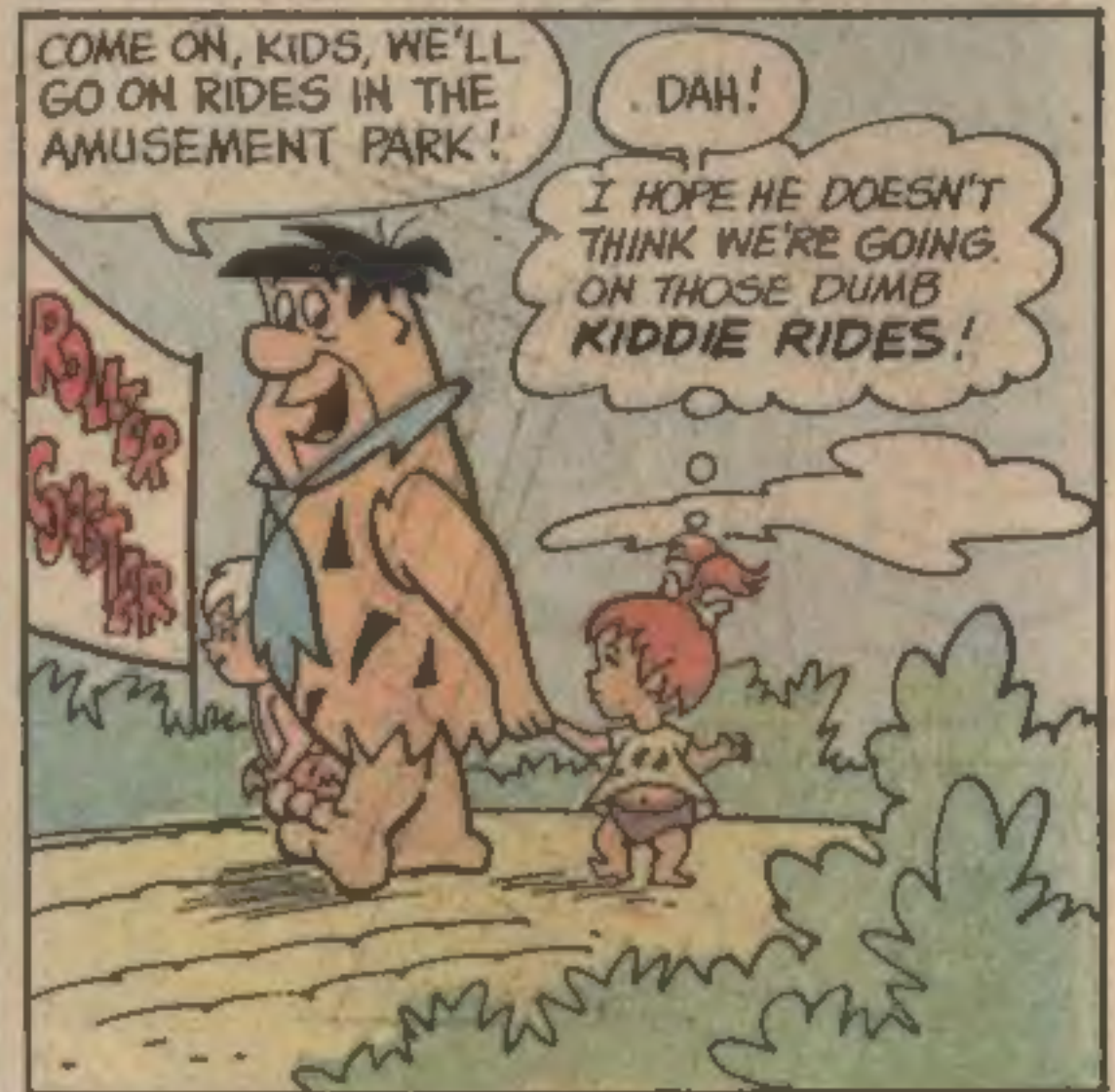
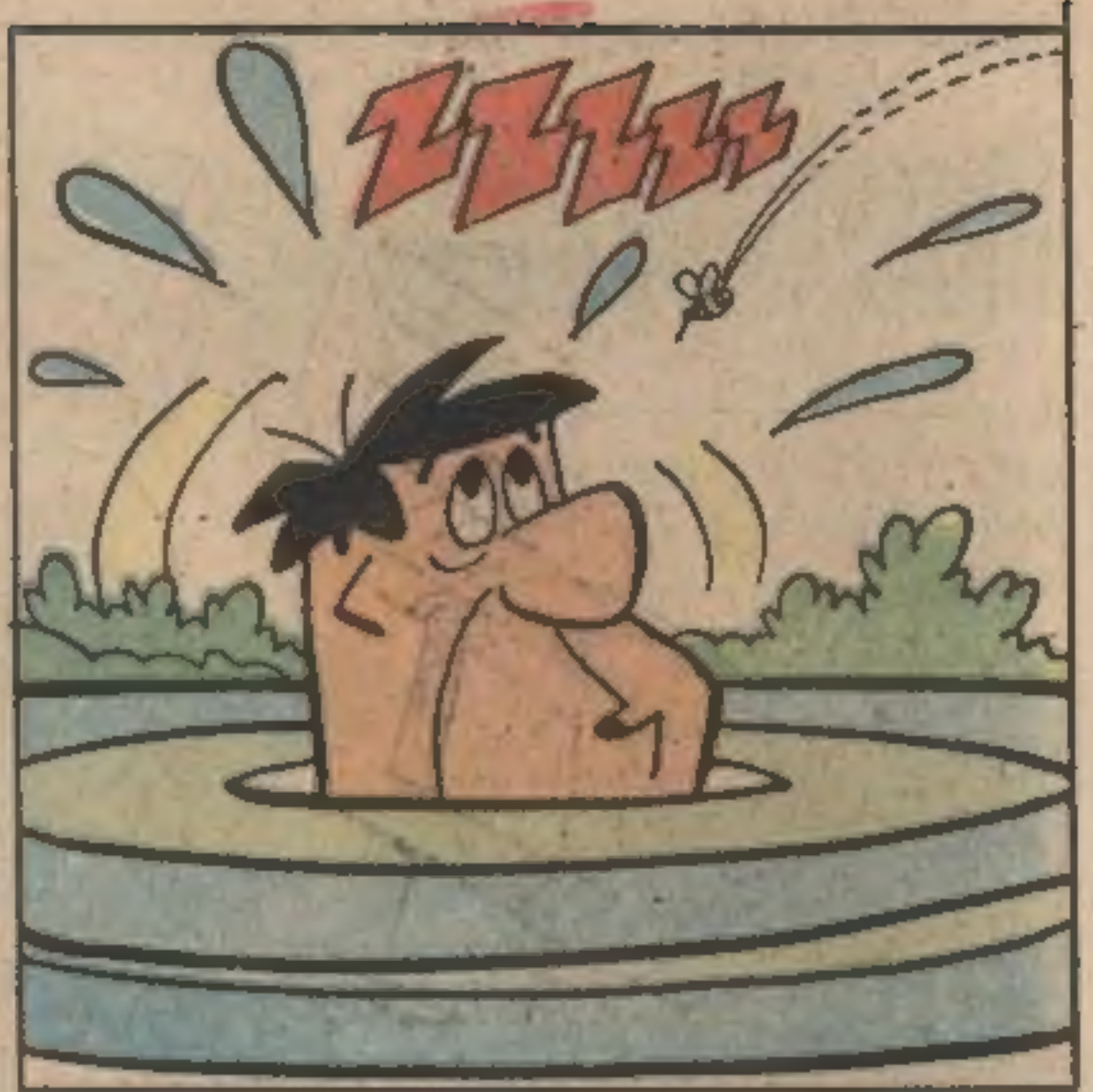
OH, NO!

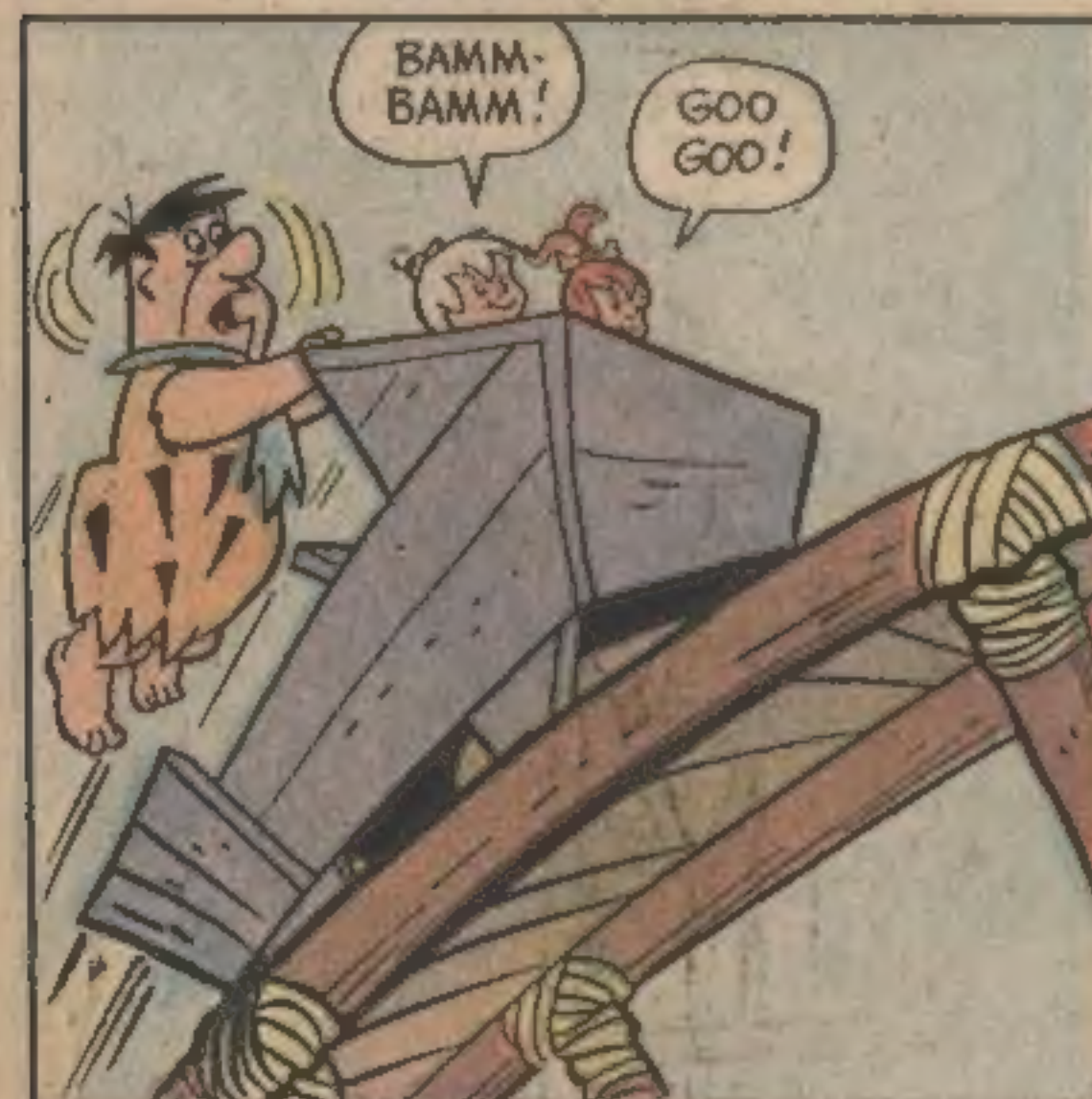
KUNK



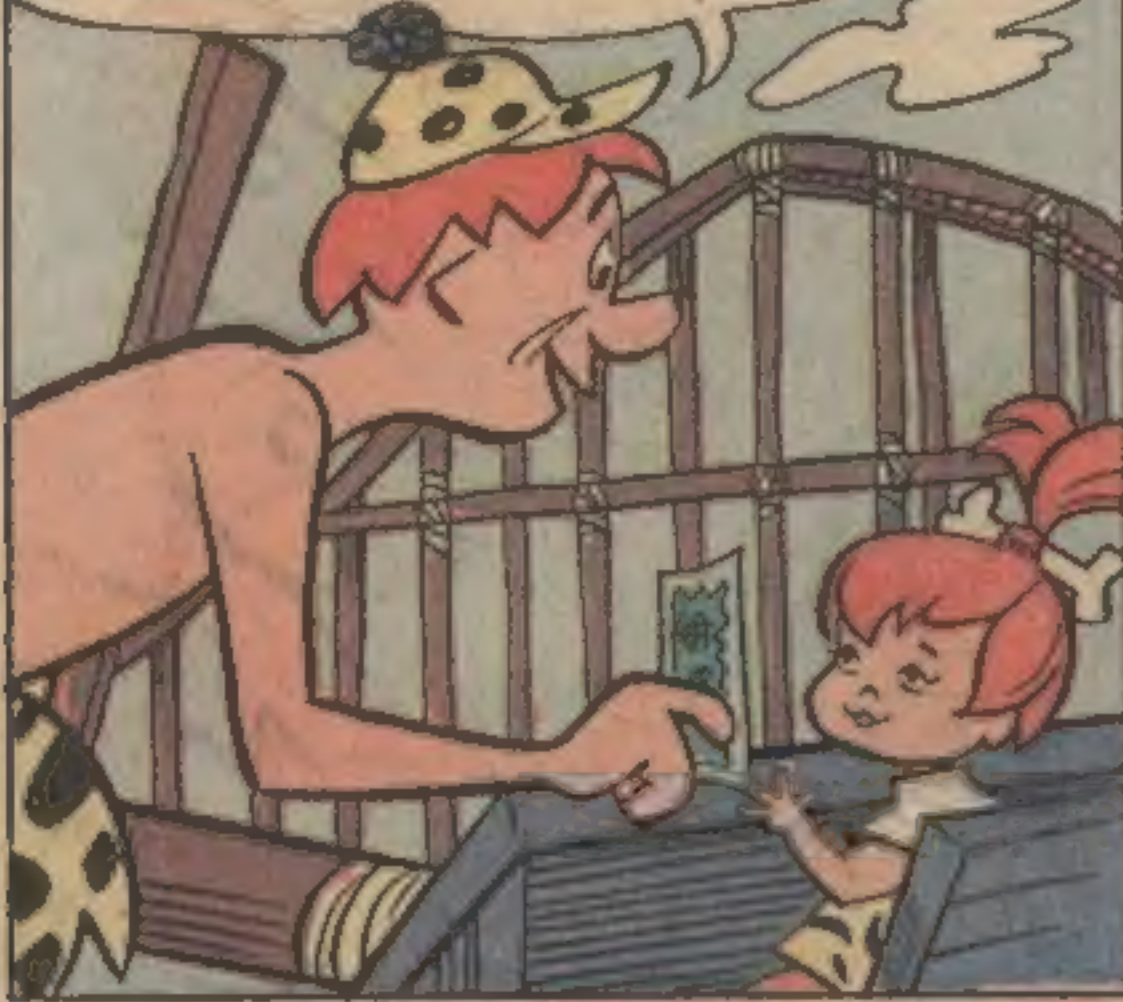
DADDY SURE ACTS FUNNY SOMETIMES!



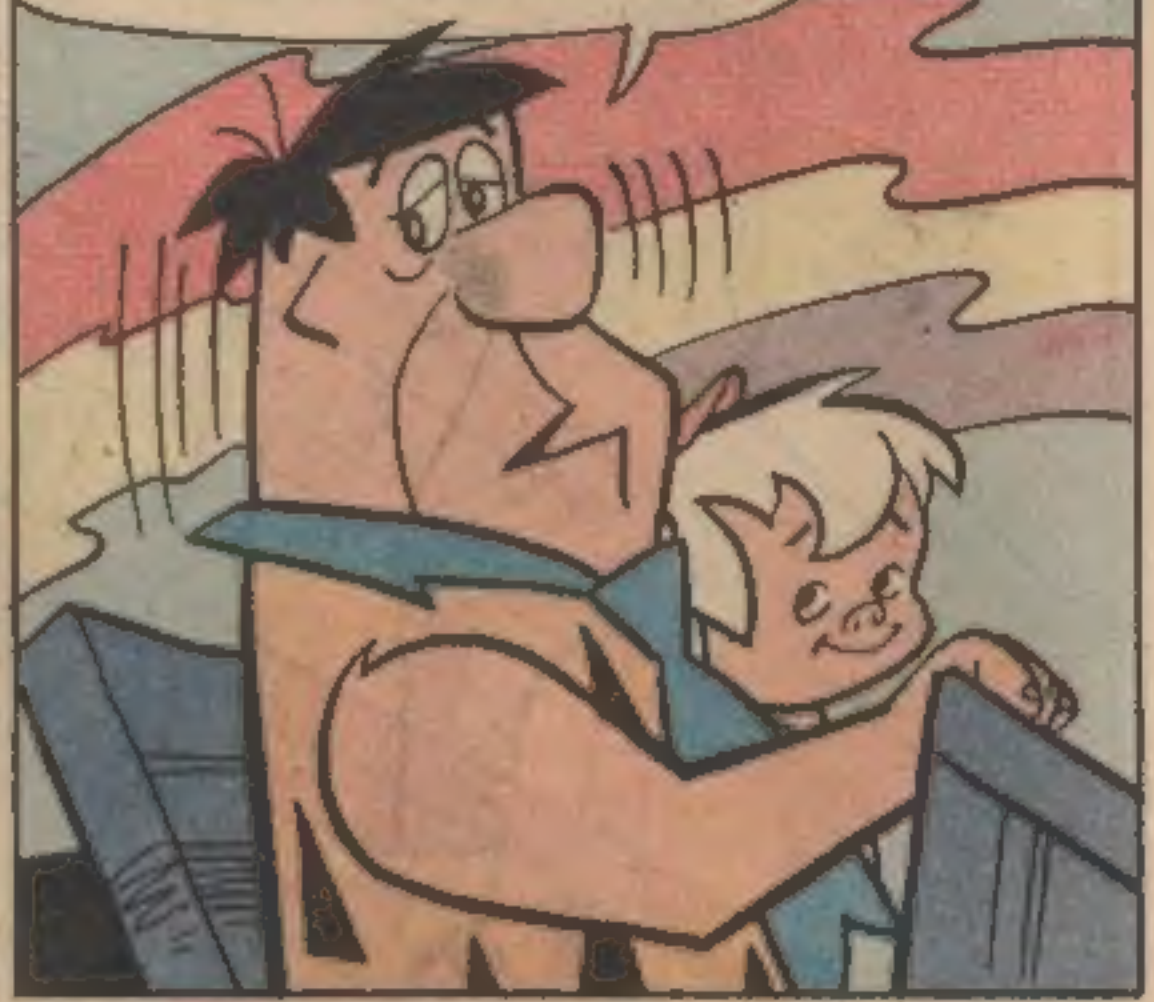




THAT'S A GOOD GIRL! OKAY, HANG ON, HERE WE GO AGAIN!



OH, BOY, AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER! LET'S GET OFF KIDS!



COME ON, WE...
YEEOWWW!

BAMM-
BAMM!

DADDY DOES
DUMB THINGS
SOMETIMES!



YABBA-
DABBA-
DOO!



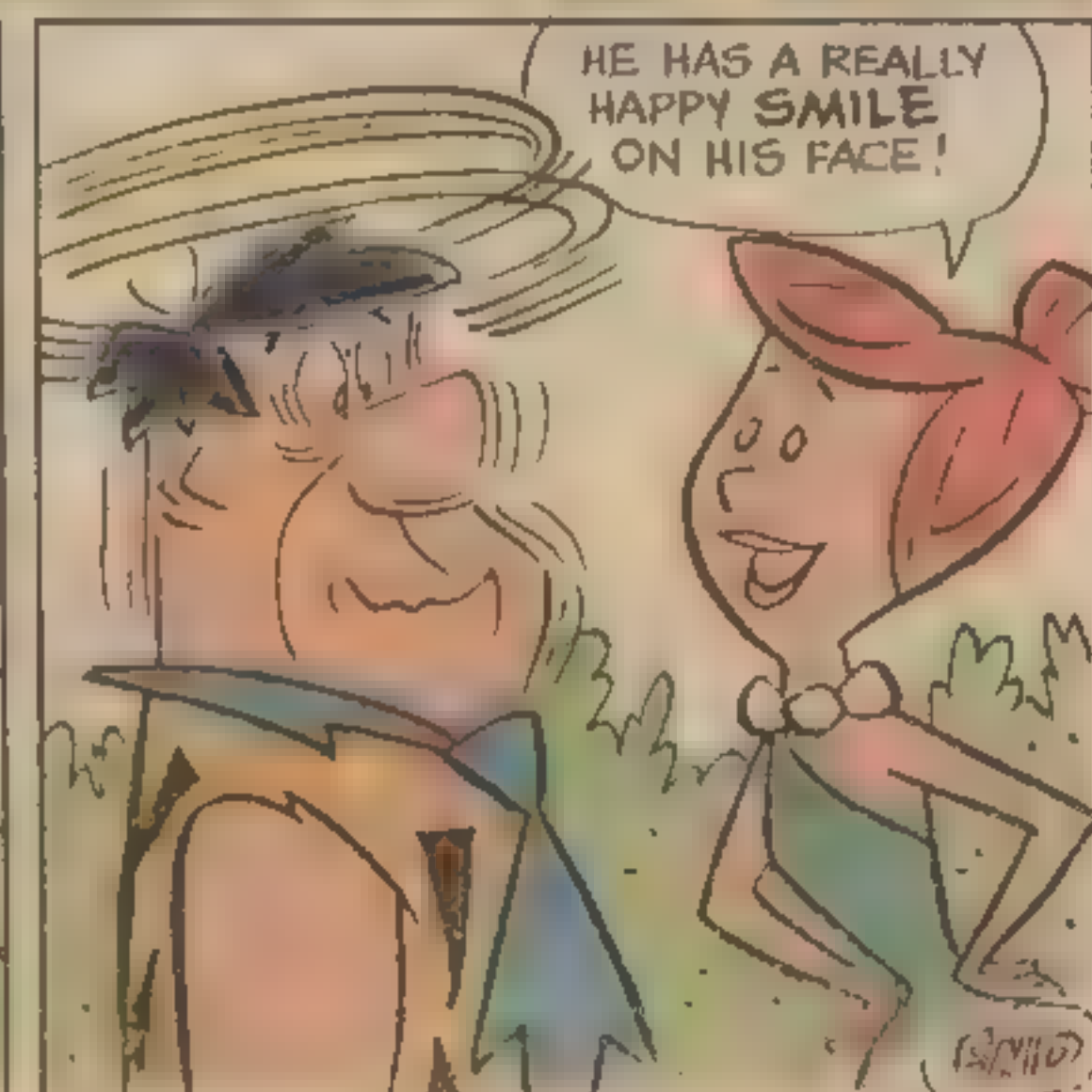
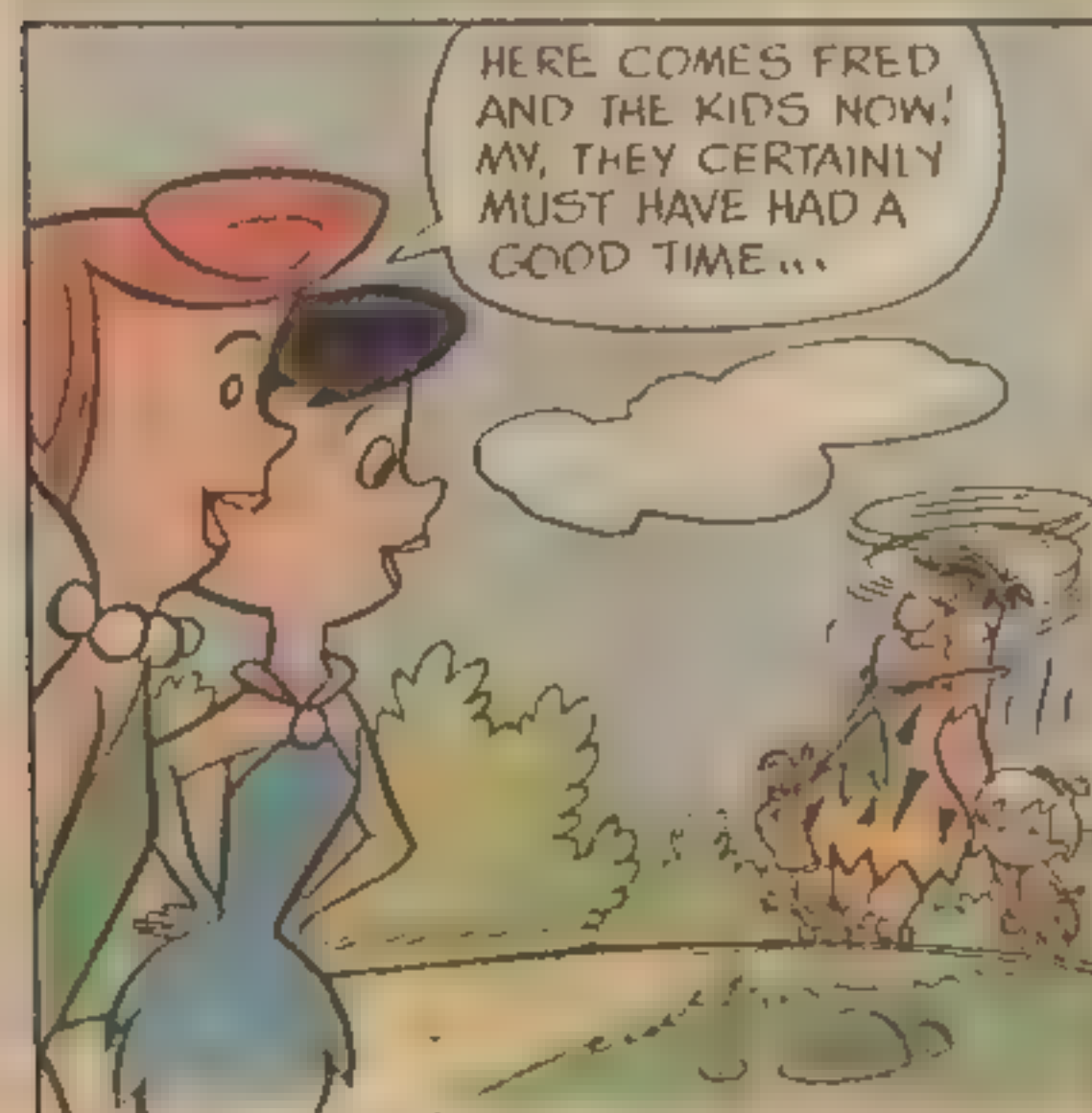
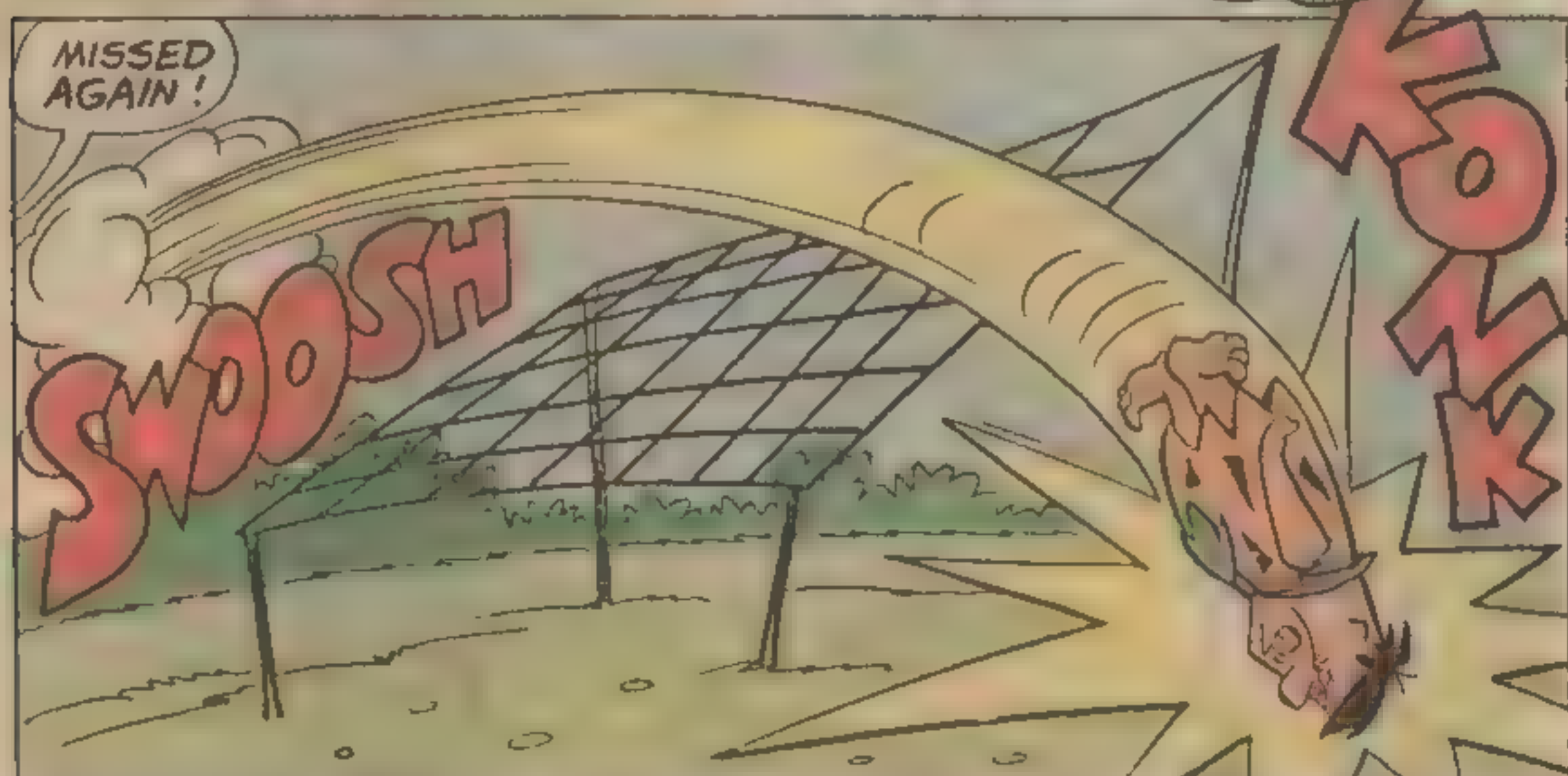
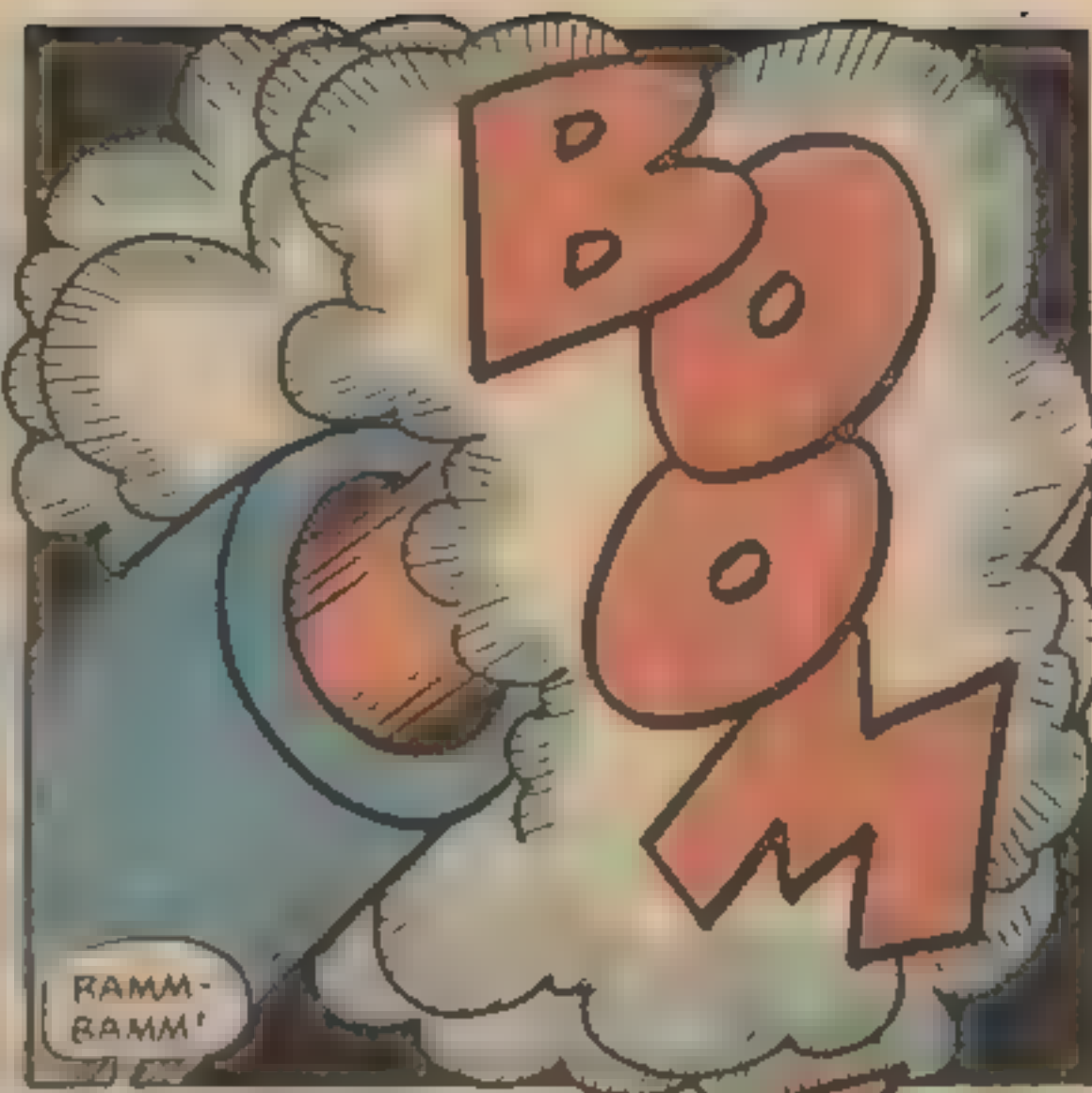
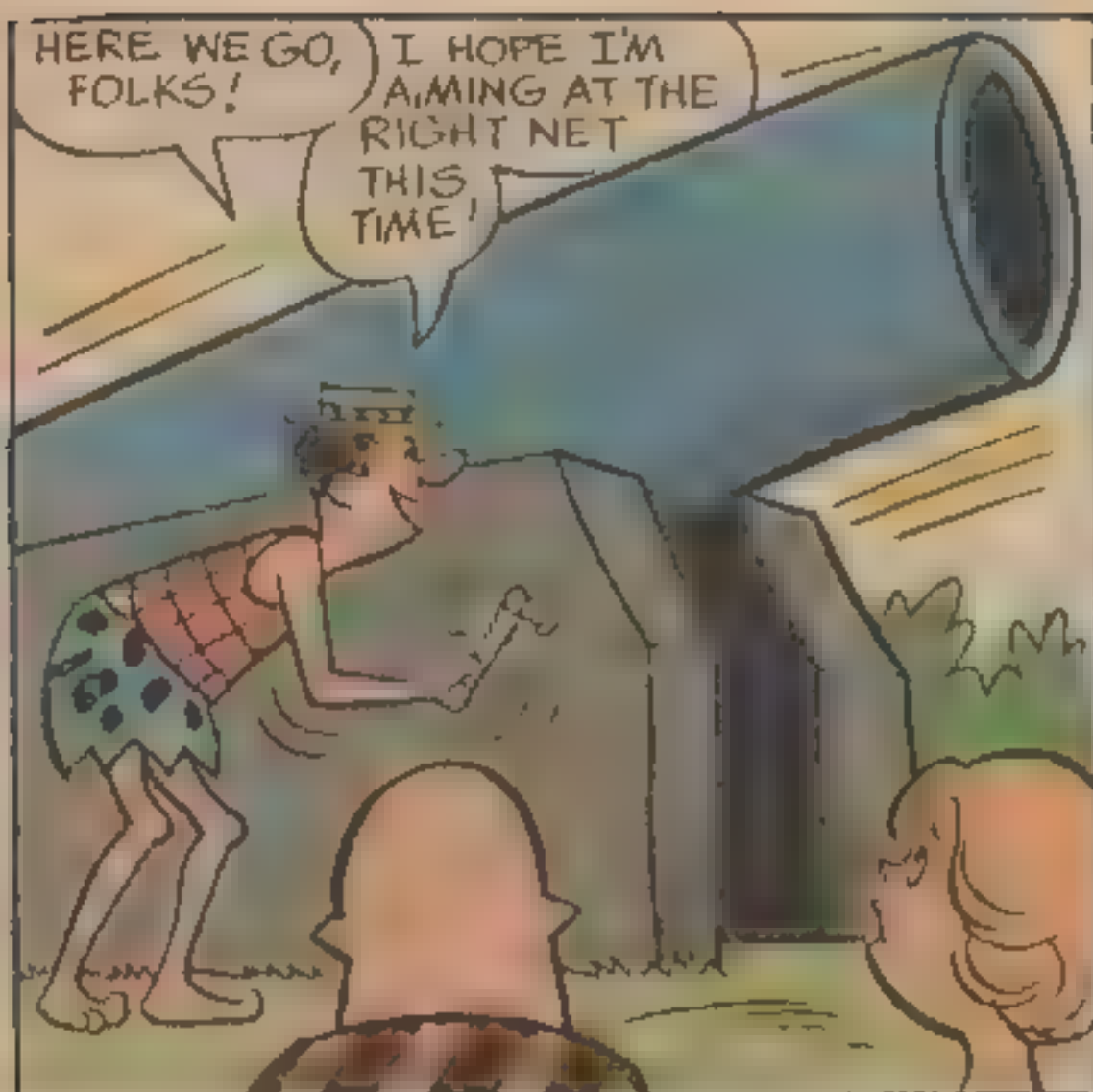
I CAN'T
LOOK!



THEN WAIT A MINUTE,
KIDS! WHAT KINDA
RIDE IS THIS?

WE GOT ANOTHER
VOLUNTEER, LADEEZ
AN' GENNULMEN!



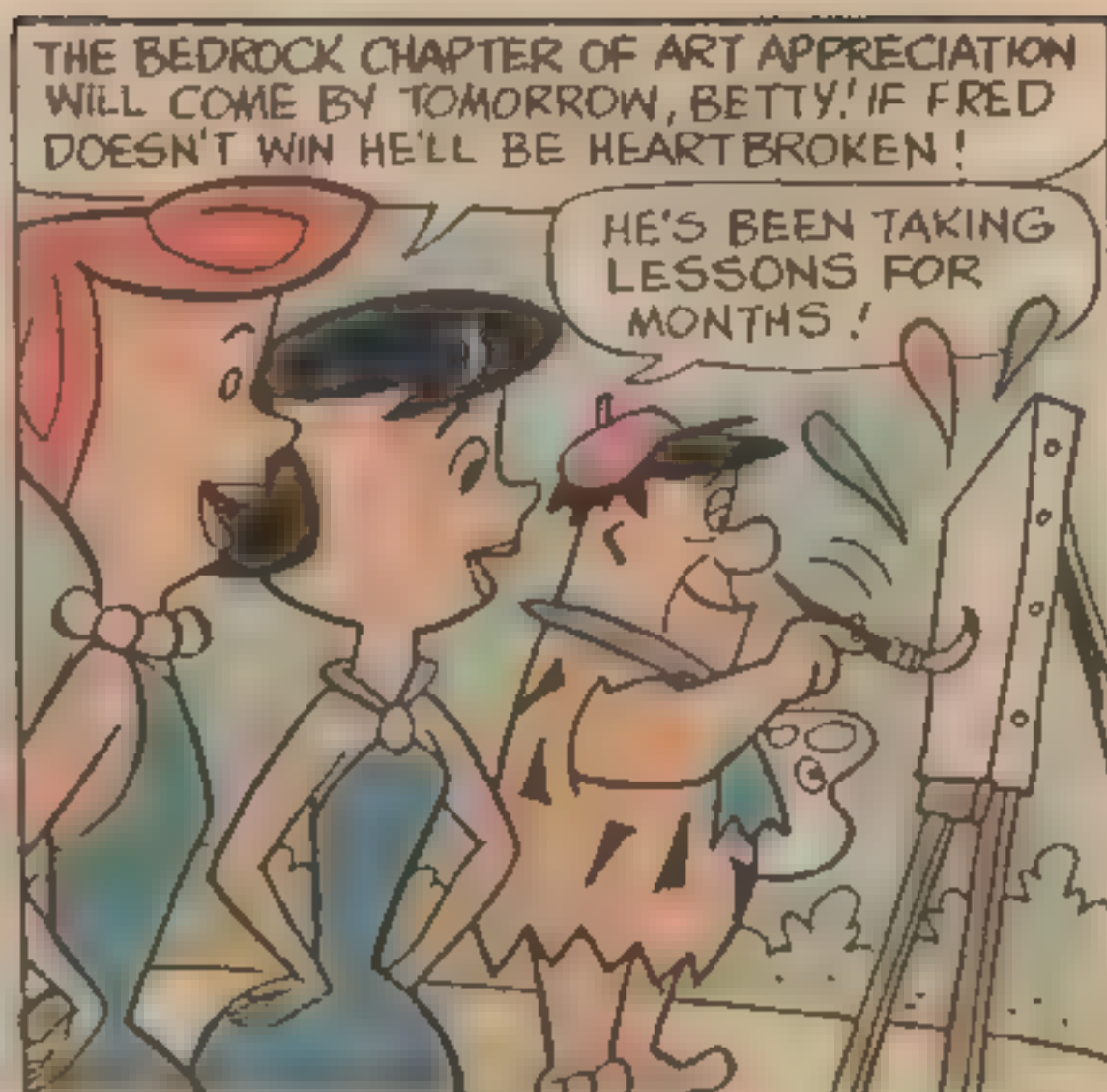


The FLINTSTONES

IN

FRED the FLOPEROO!





CAME THE DAY...AND THE LADY ART CRITICS...

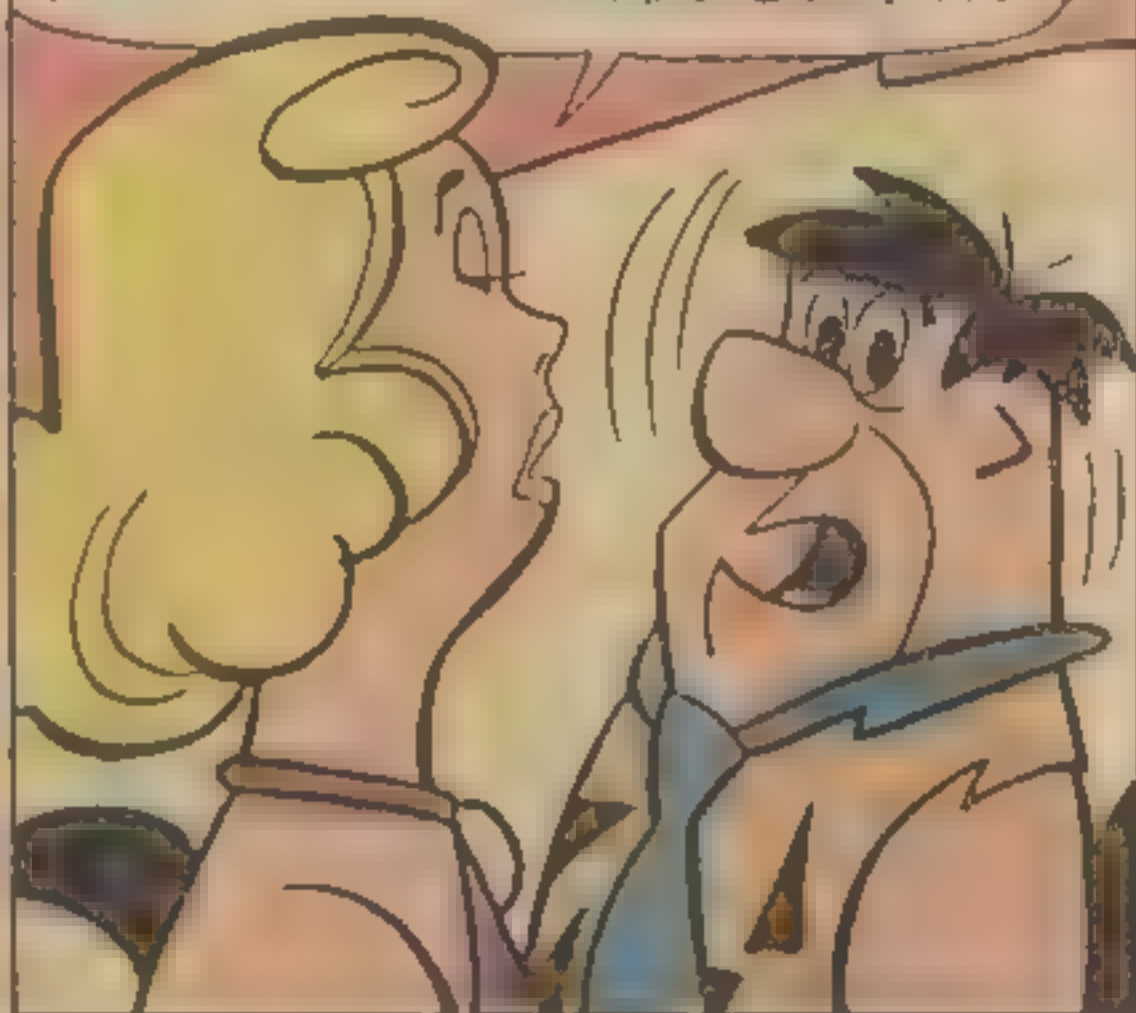
RATHER
AMATEURISH,
BELINDA!

NOT REALLY...
IT'S MORE
LIKE
NAUSEATING!

ARE YOU
GONNA HANG
IT IN YOUR ART
MUSEUM,
LADIES?

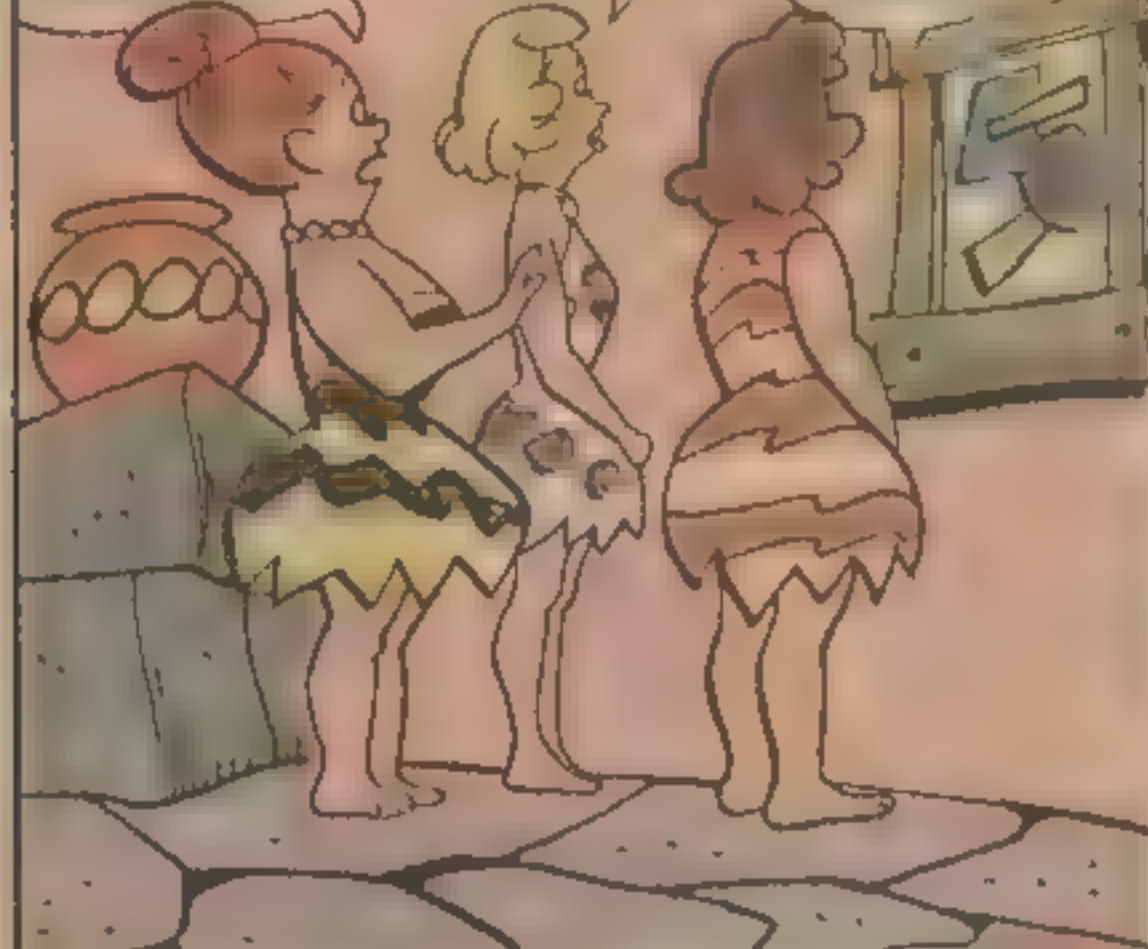


NO-O...I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER
TO DIG A DEEP HOLE...AND BURY IT!



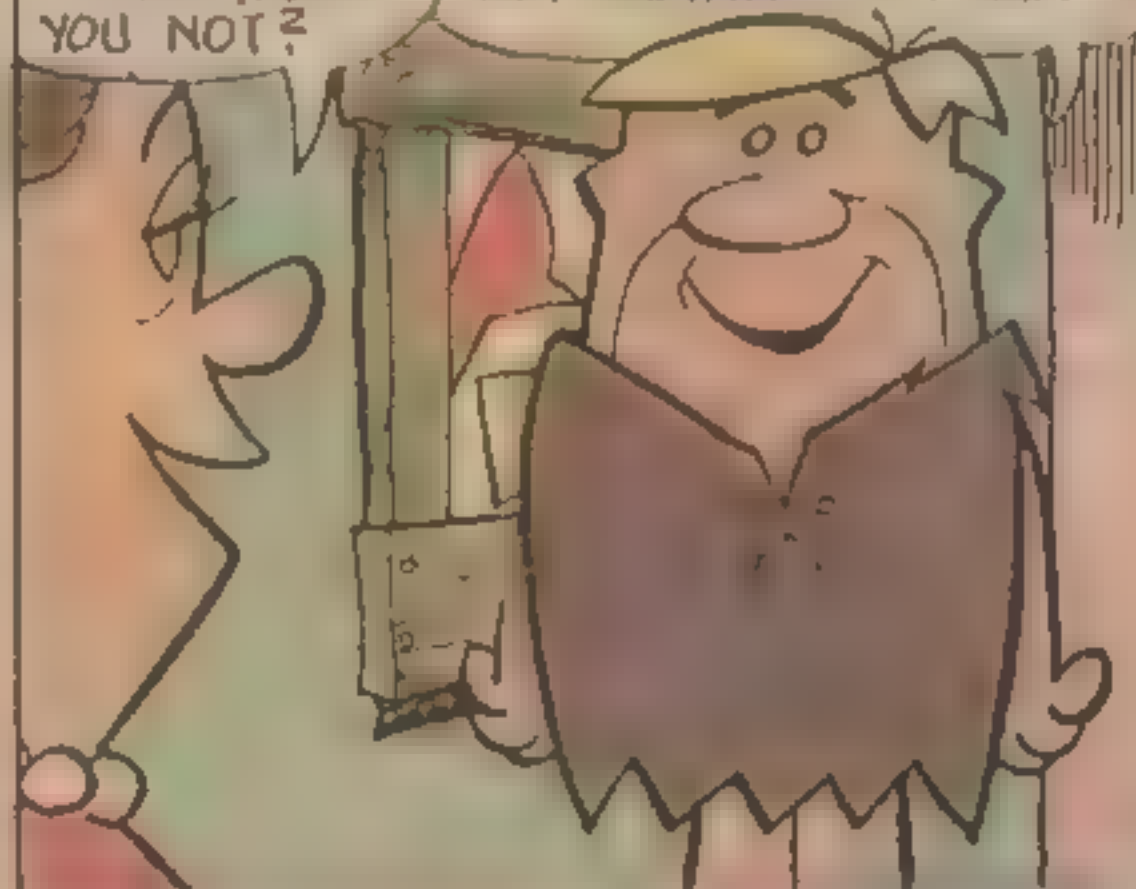
LOOK, BELINDA
...A TRUE
PRIMITIVE!

WHAT MAGNIFICENT
DESIGN!
AND SUCH
COLOR!

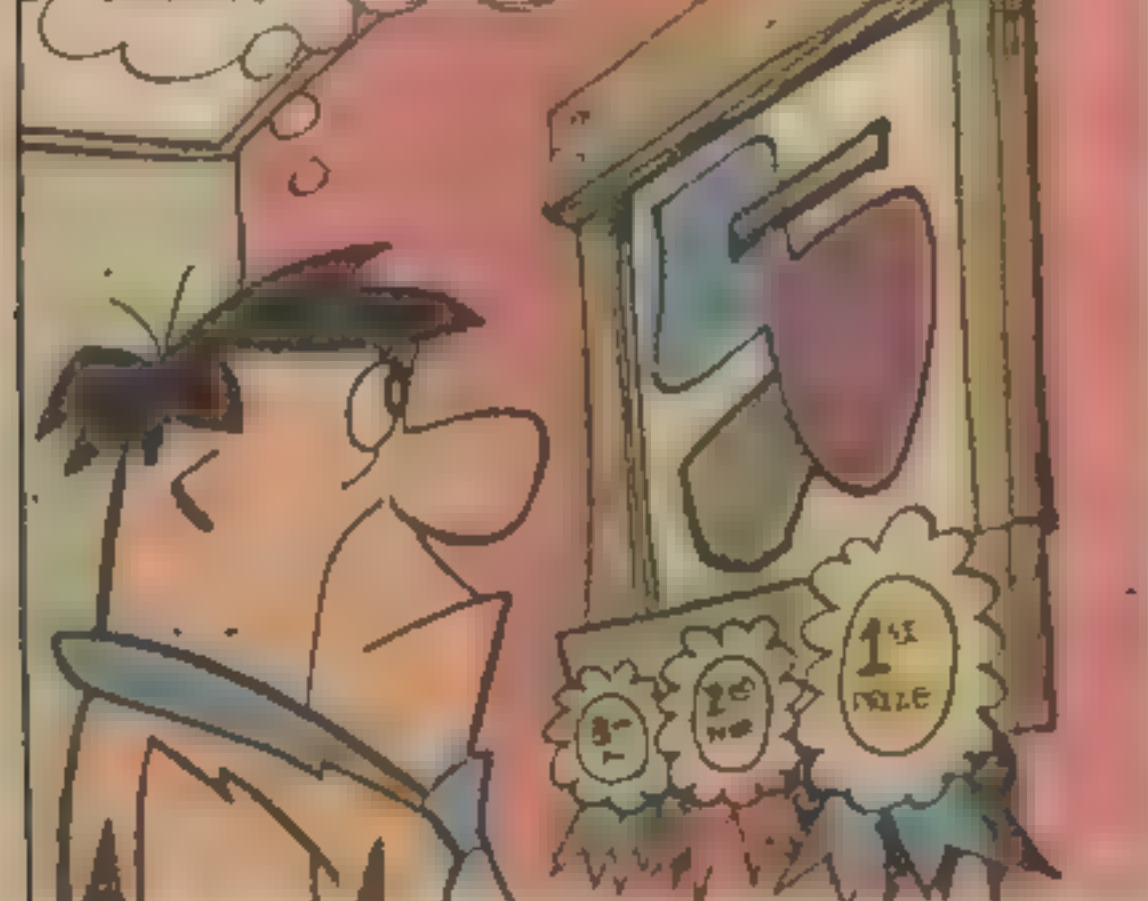


YOU ARE OF THE
SURREALISTIC
SCHOOL, MR.
RUBBLE, ARE YOU
NOT?

DUH...NO...I WAS STILL
IN SECOND GRADE WHEN
I GOT KICKED OUT FER
NOT SHAVIN' EVERY DAY!

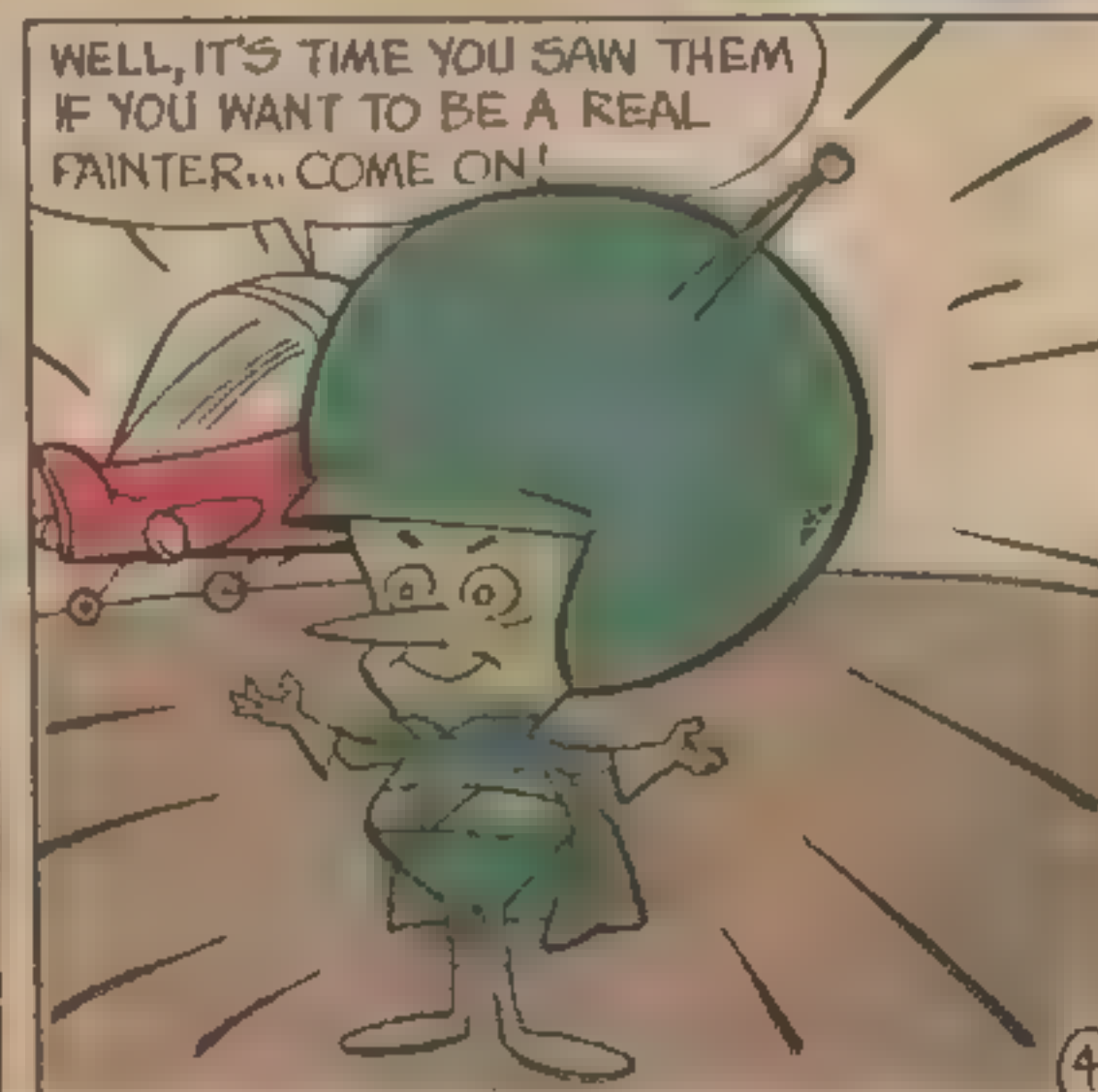
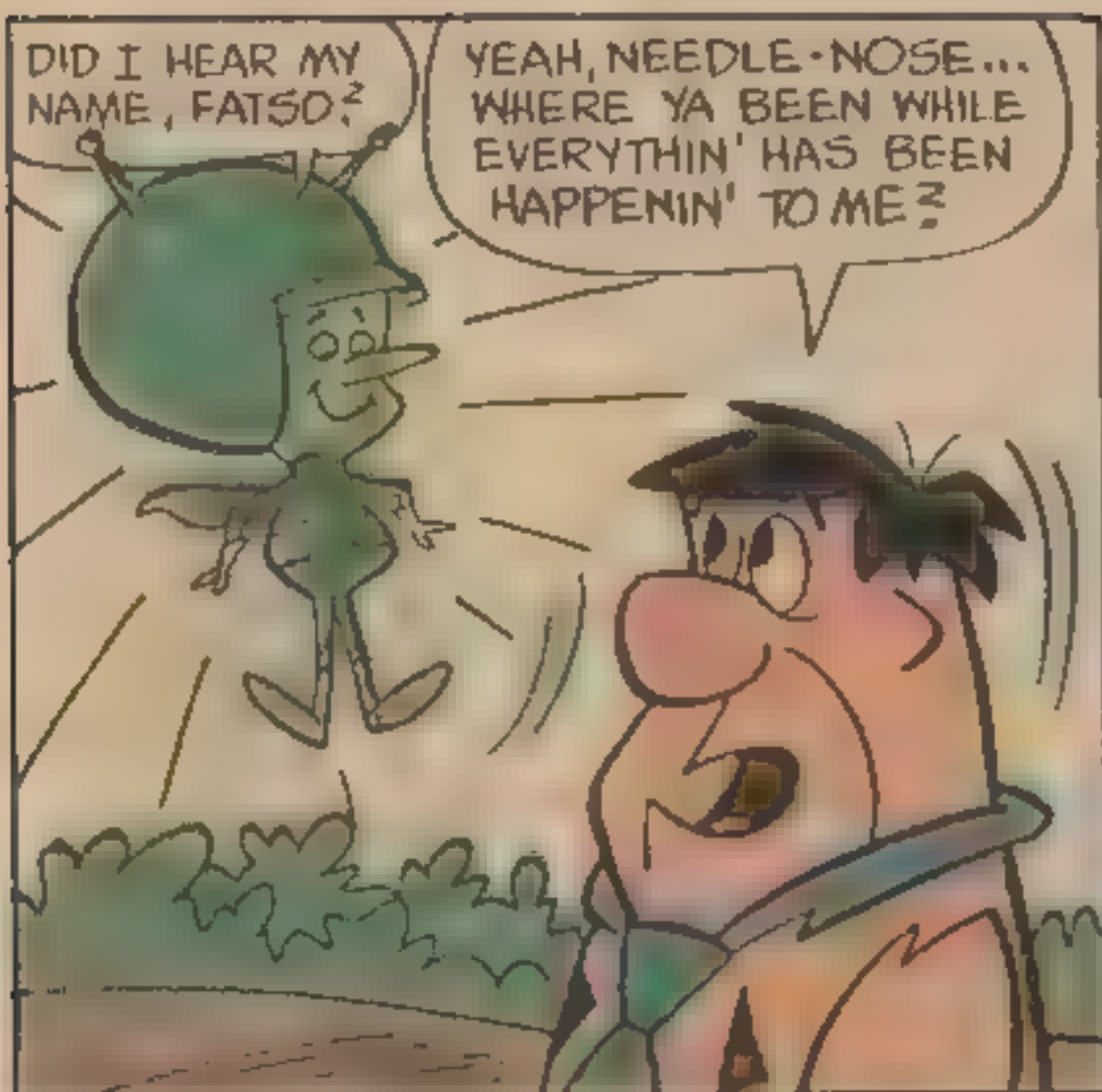


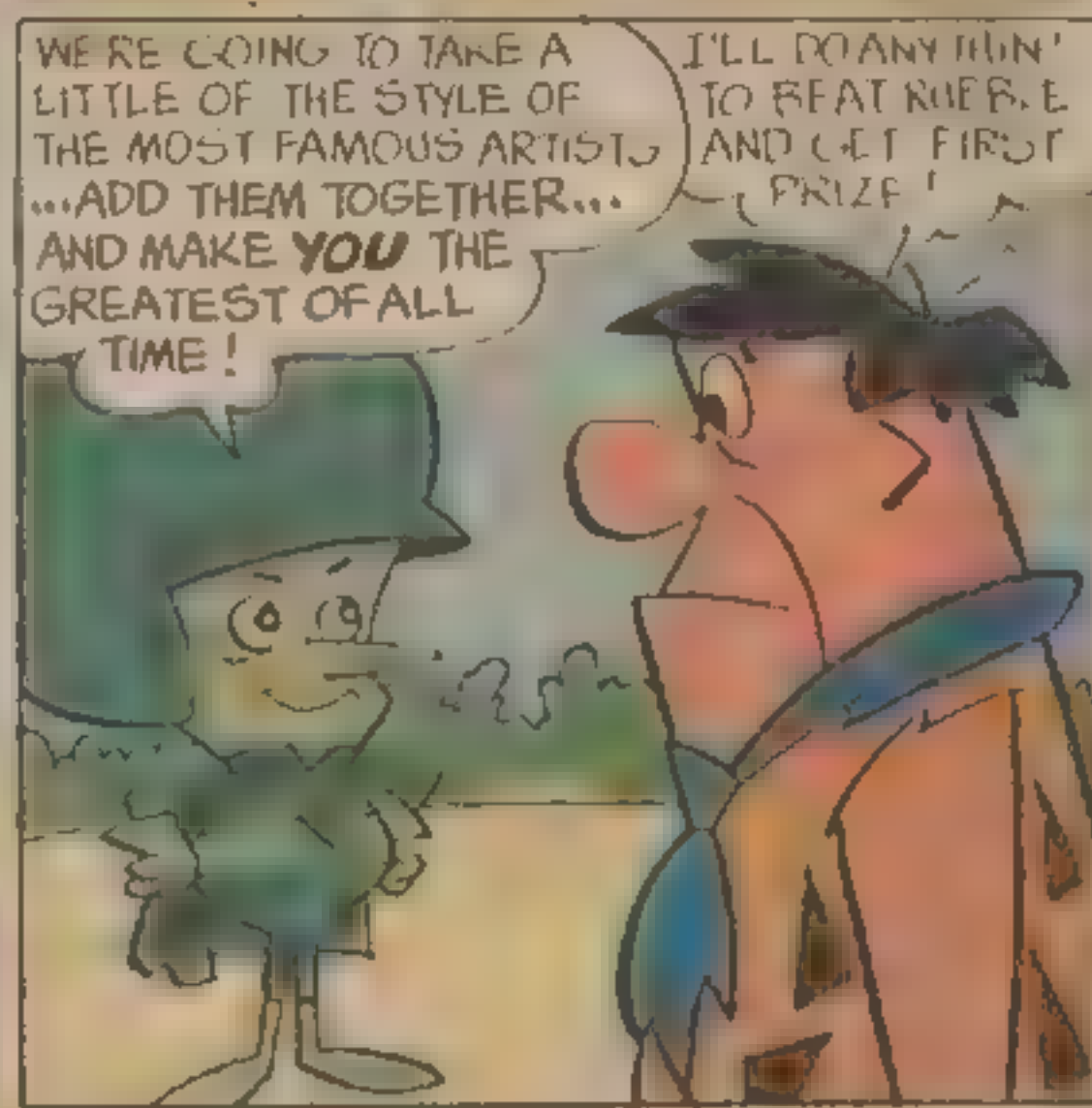
THEM STUPID WIMMEN
GAVE BARNEY ALL THE
PRIZES! IT AIN'T
FAIR!

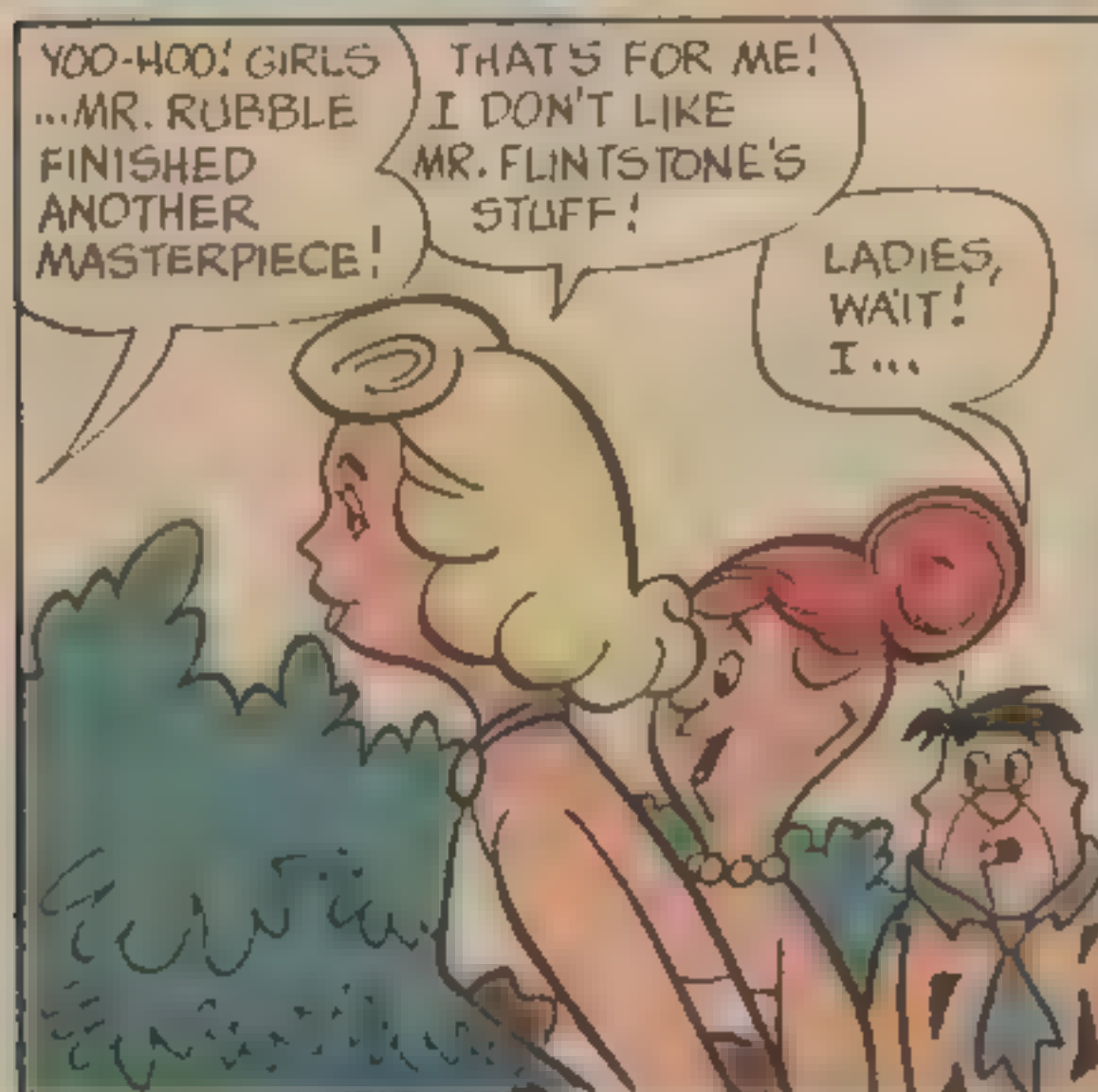
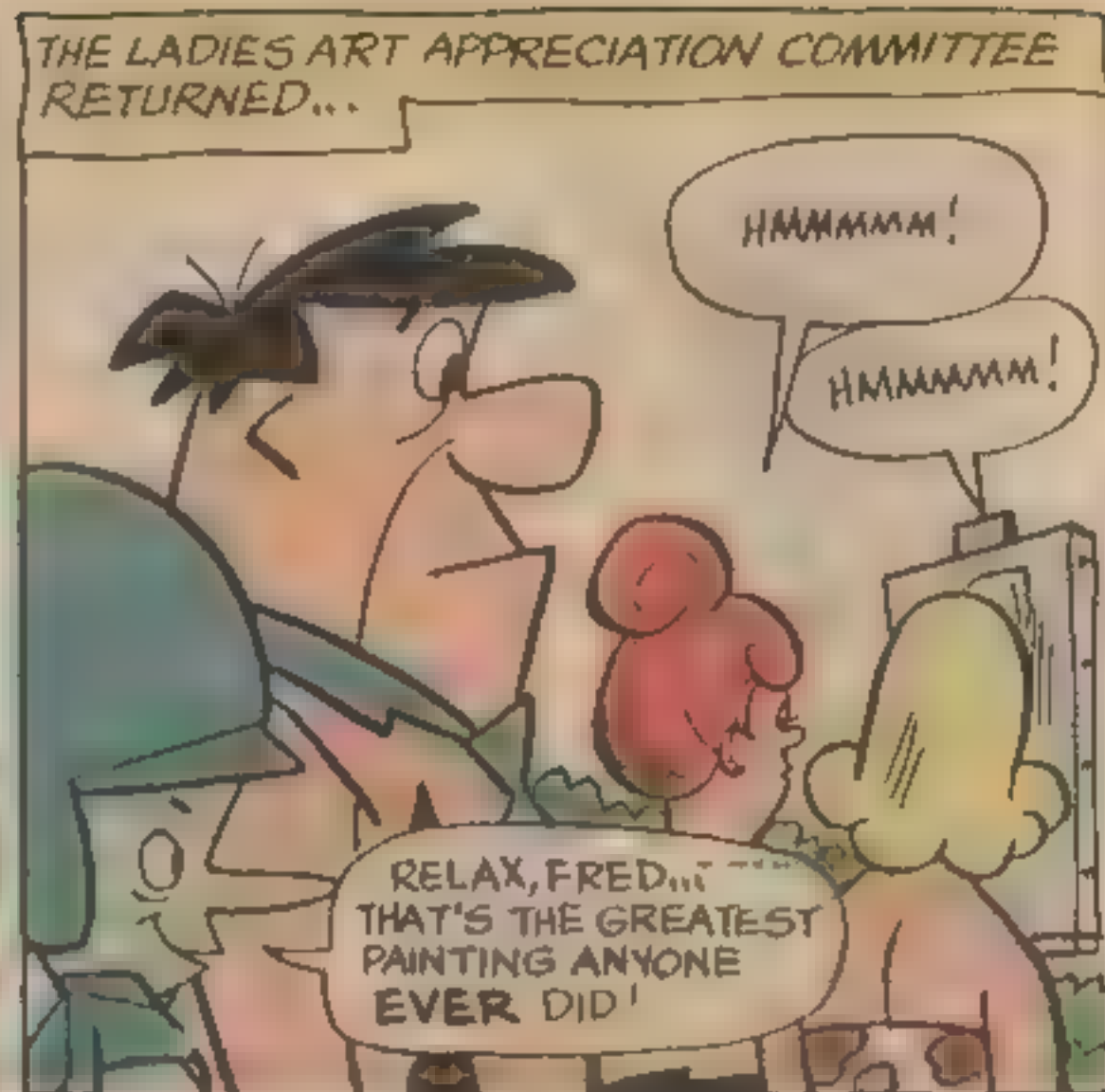


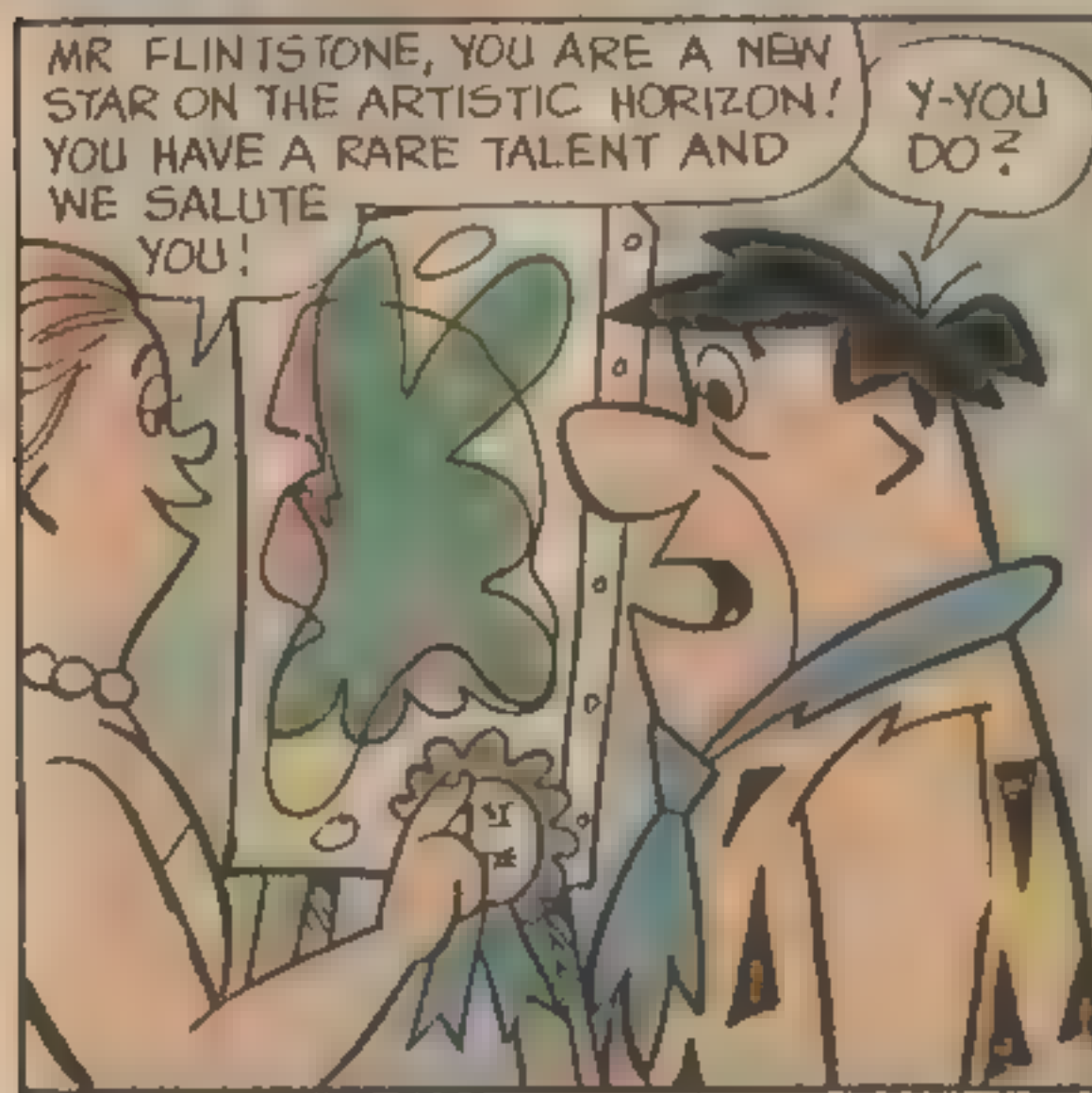
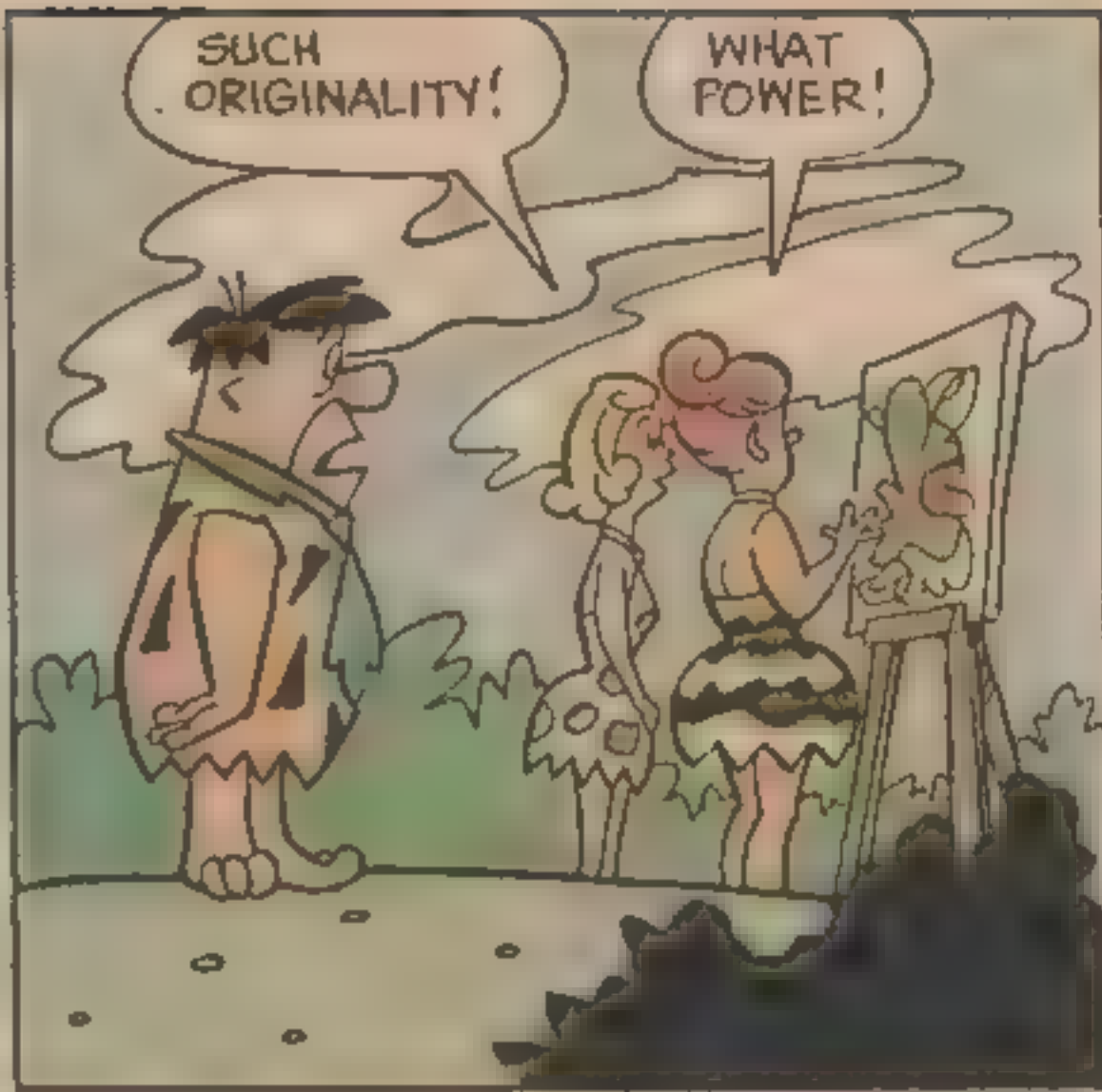
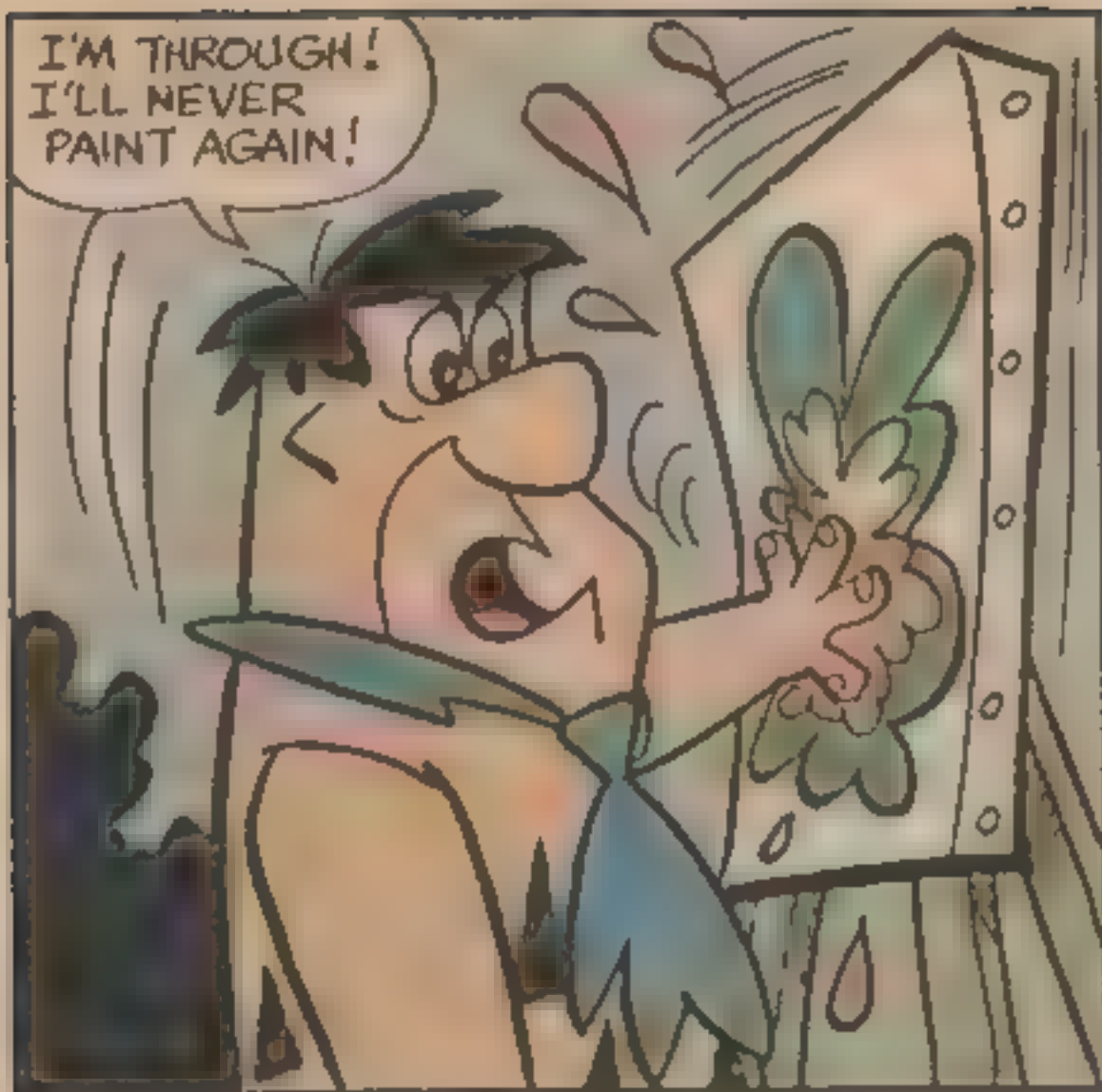
EVERYTHIN' I DO TURNS
OUT WRONG! IF I EVER
NEEDED HELP FROM
THE GREAT GAZOO, I
NEED IT NOW!











THE FLINTSTONES

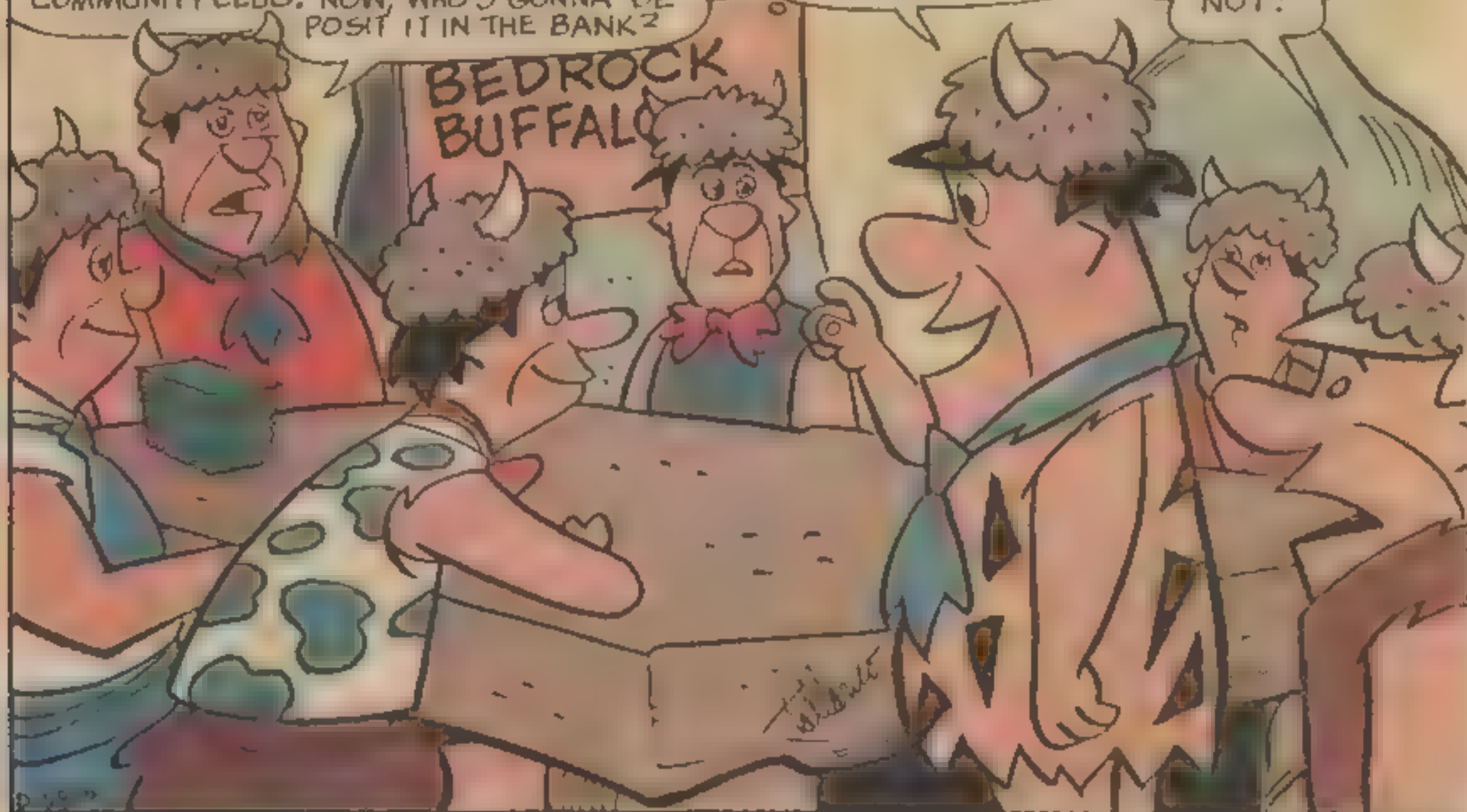
IN

THE CRIME WAVE

BROTHERS OF THE BEDROCK BUFFALO LODGE, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE WE RAISED \$5,000 ROCKBUCKS FOR THE COMMUNITY CLUB! NOW, WHO'S GONNA DEPOSIT IT IN THE BANK?

MR PRESIDENT, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE DETAIL!

UH...FRED... MAYBE YOU'D BETTER NOT!



WHAT IF YA LOSE IT, FRED?

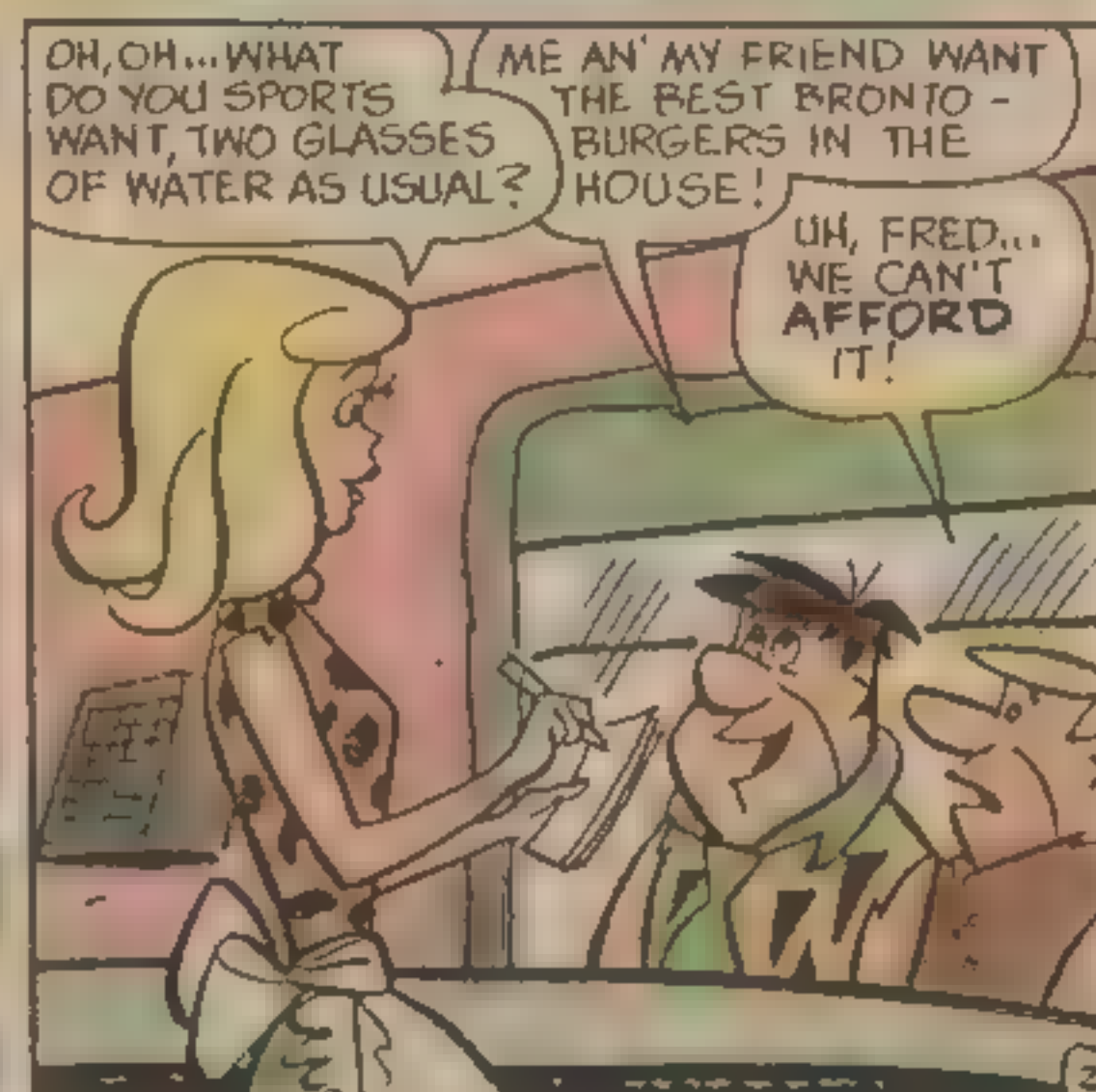
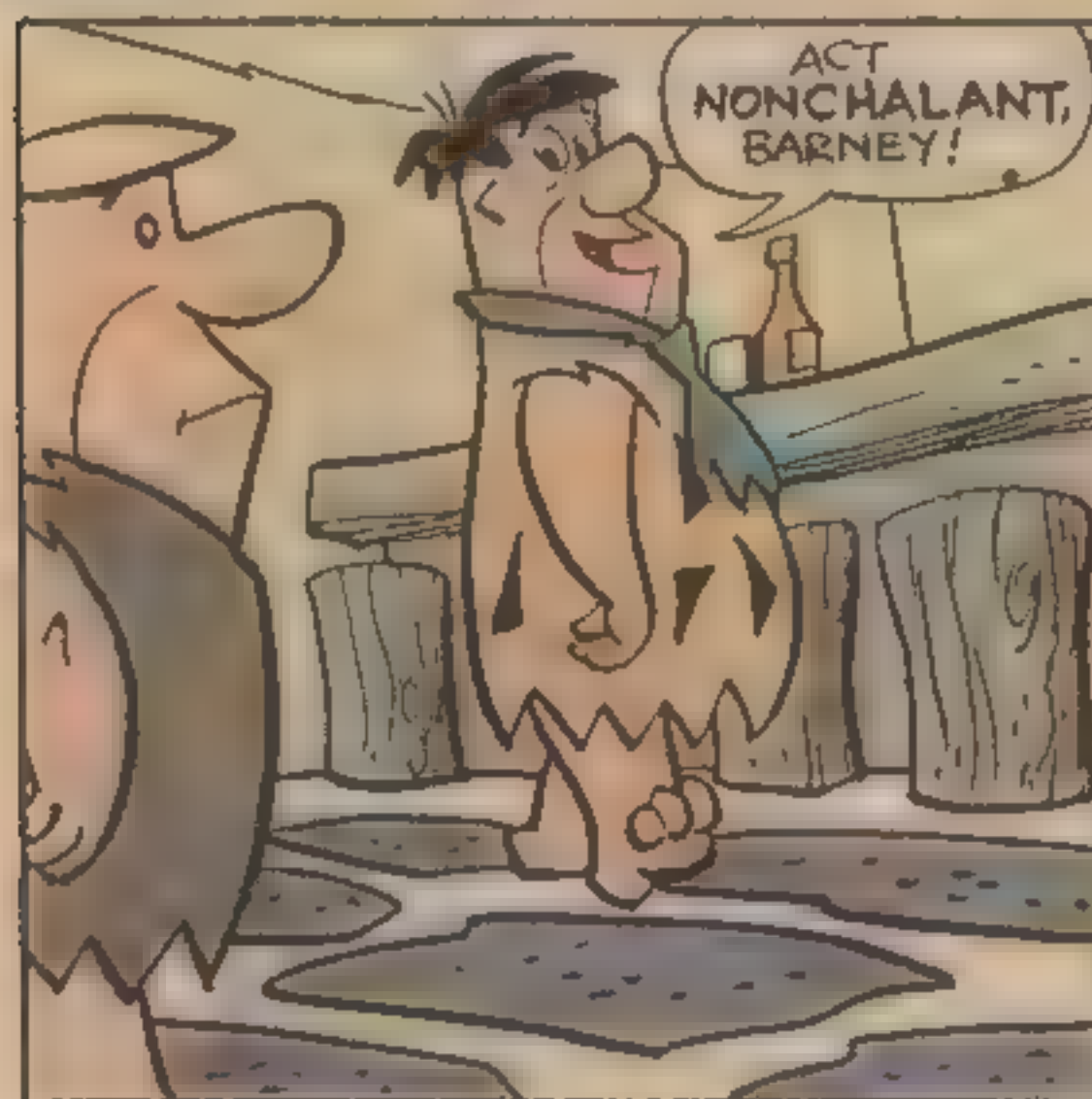
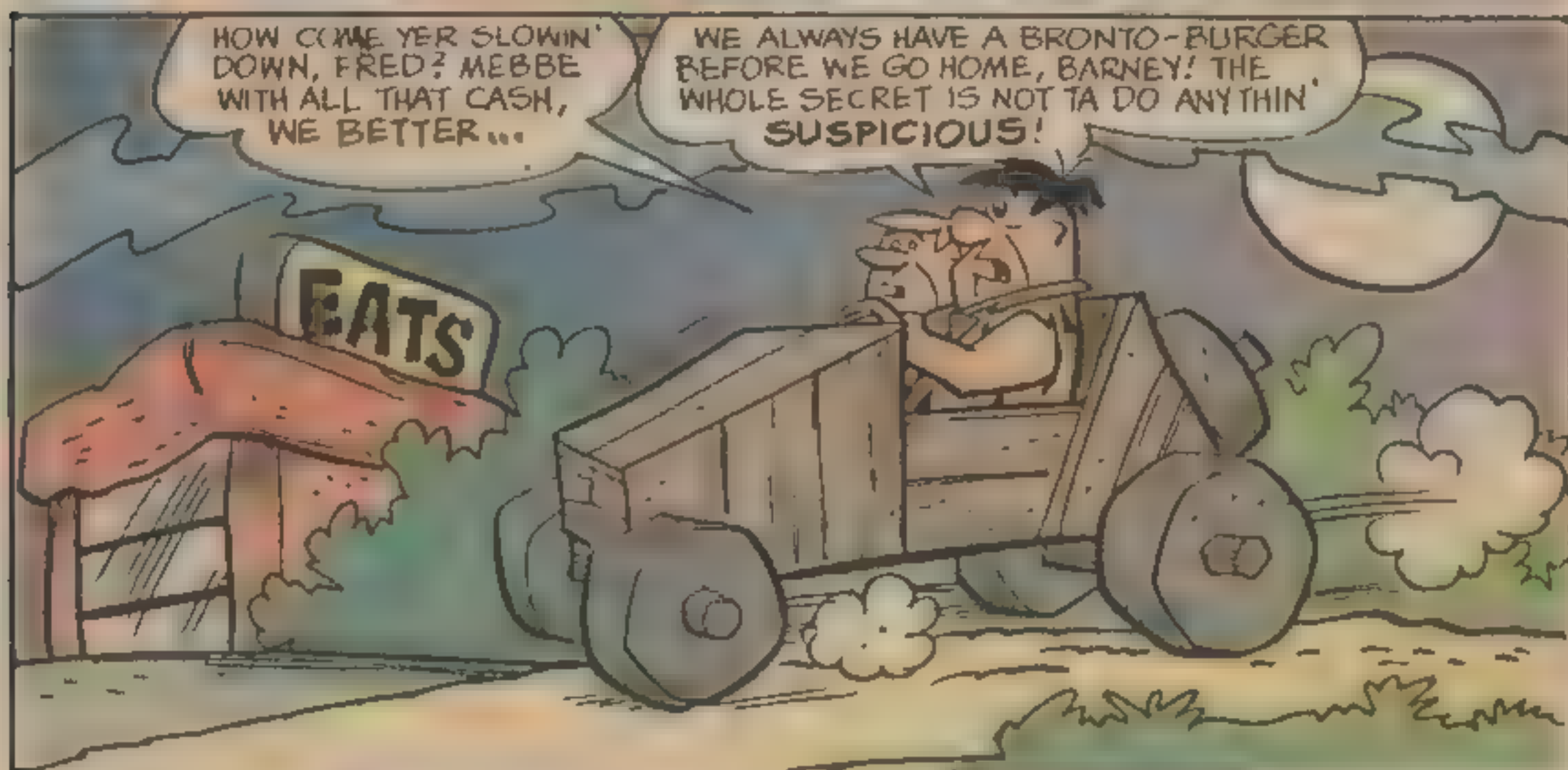
LEGGO, SHORTY? I CAN HANDLE THIS LITTLE CHORE!

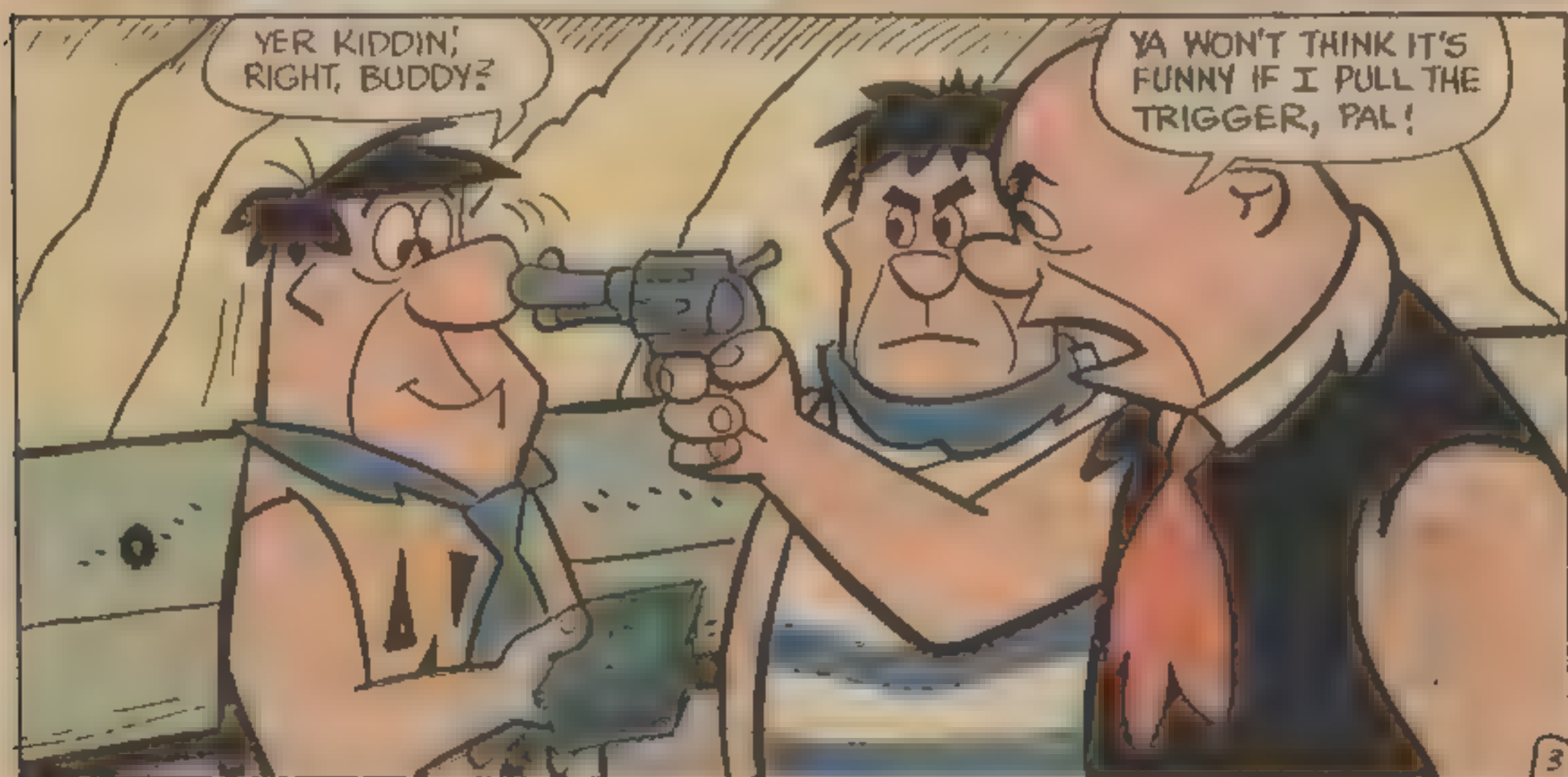
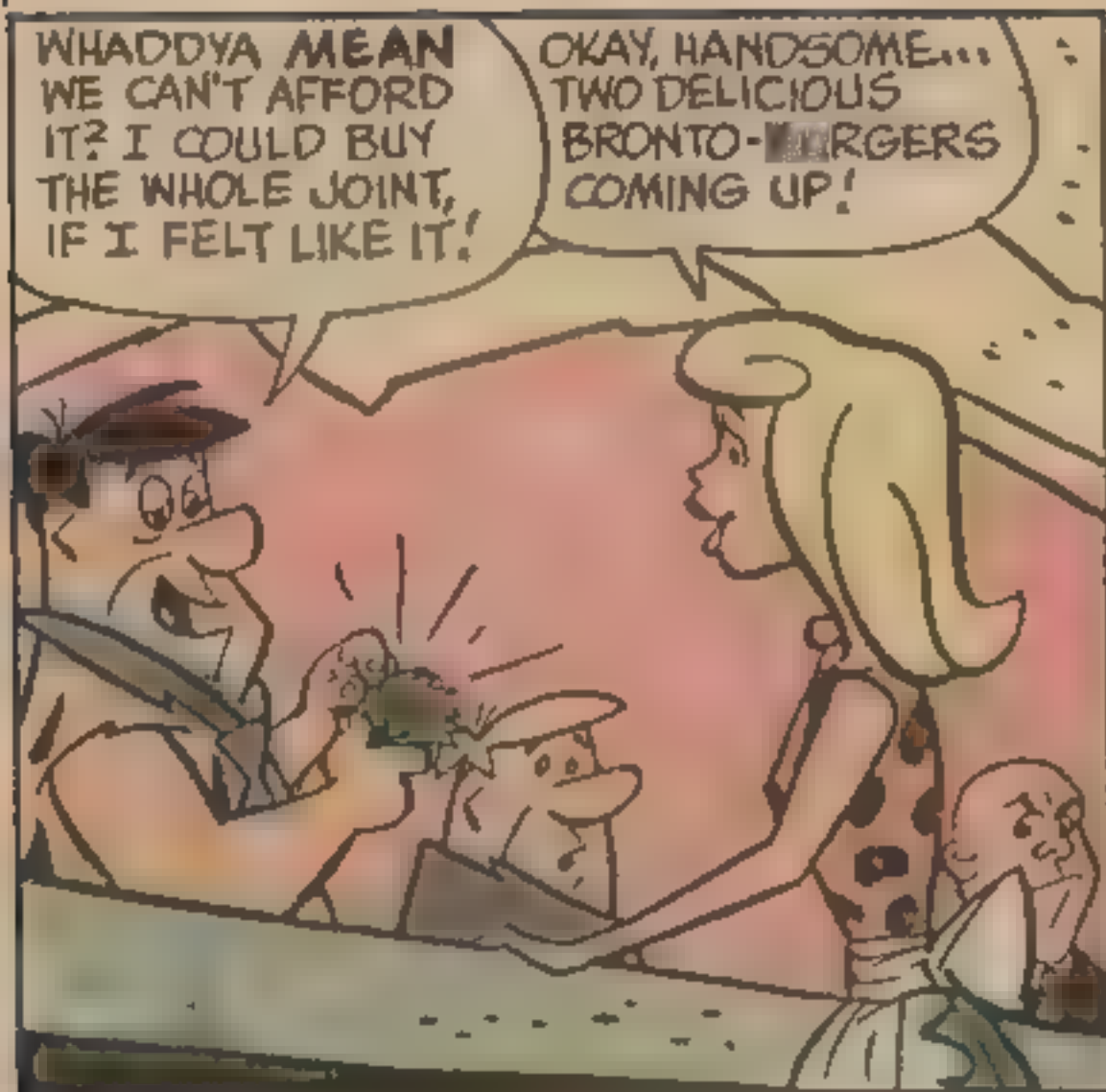


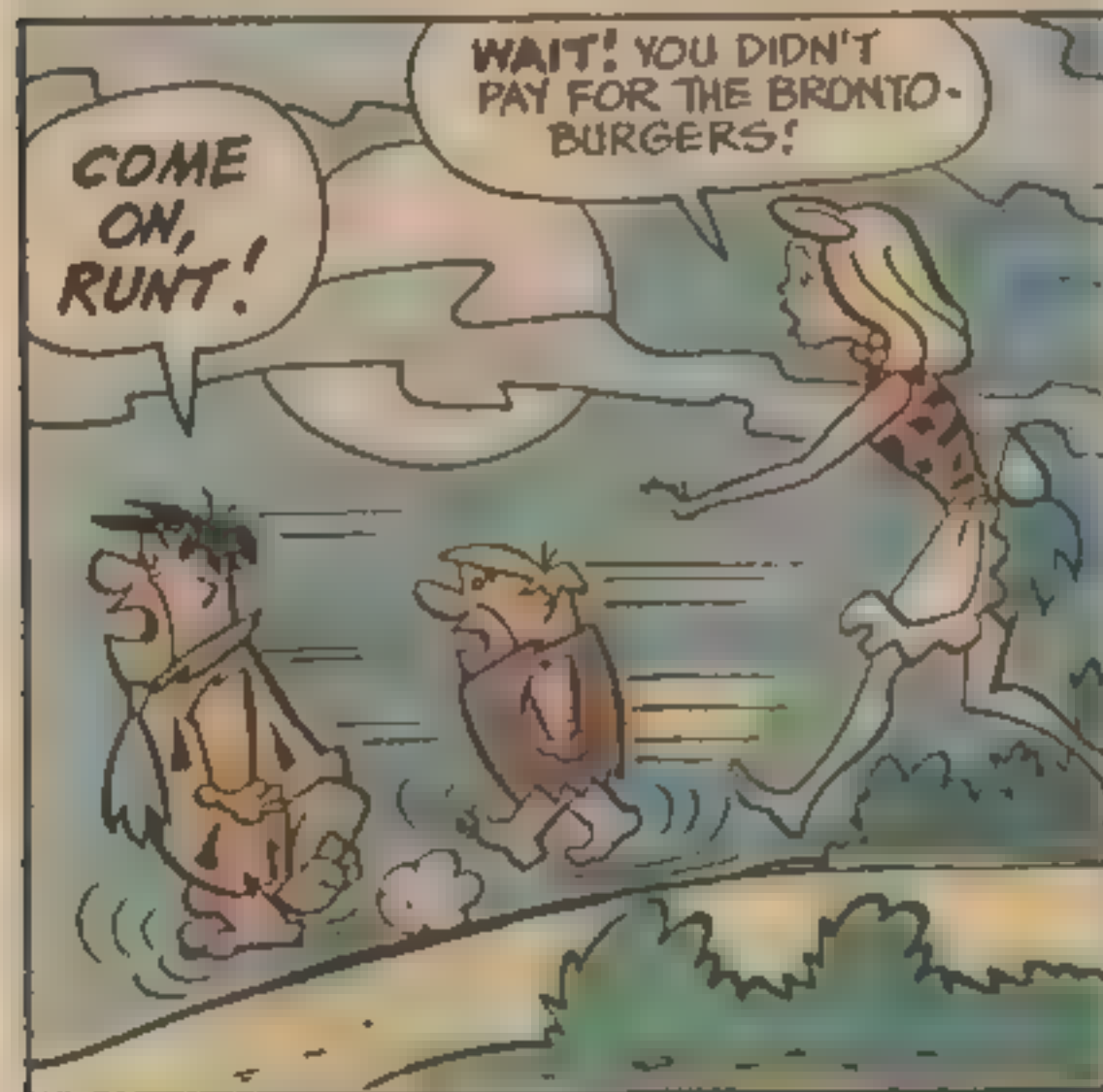
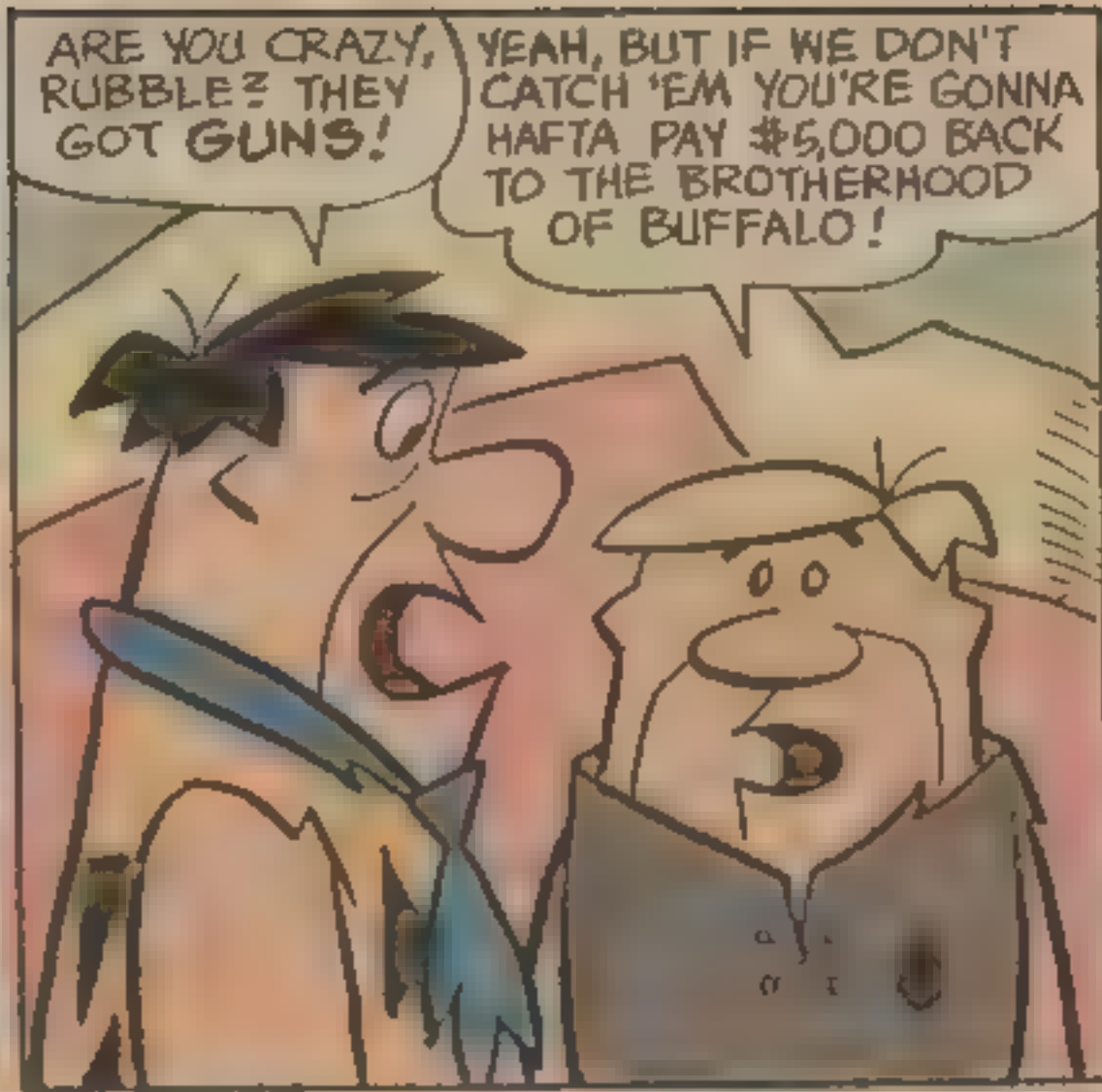
REMEMBER, BROTHER BUFFALO, YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT \$5,000! IF YOU LOSE IT, YOU GOTTA MAKE IT GOOD!

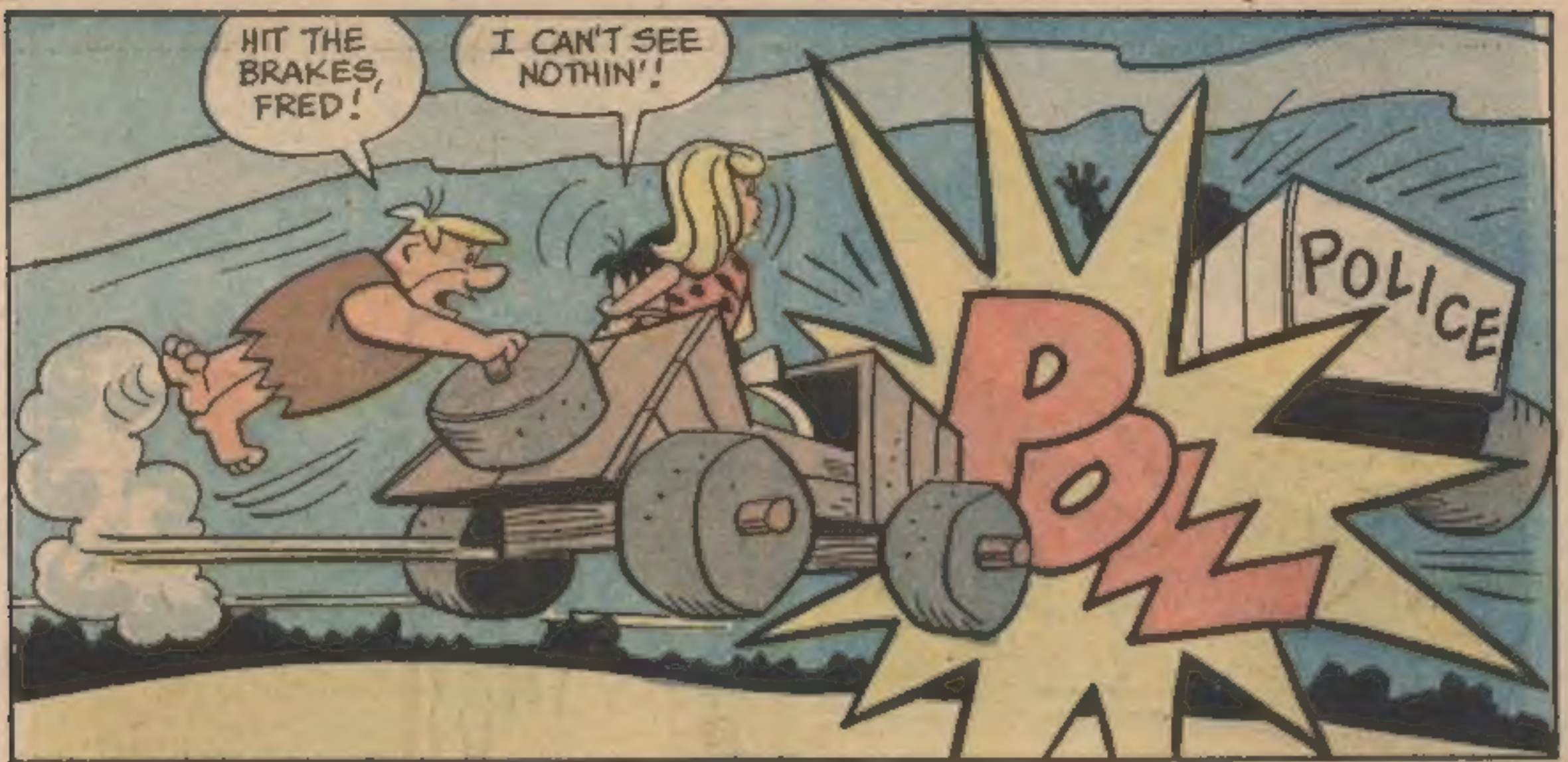
DON'T BE SILLY, GRAND BULL! IT'S AS GOOD AS IN THE BANK RIGHT NOW!

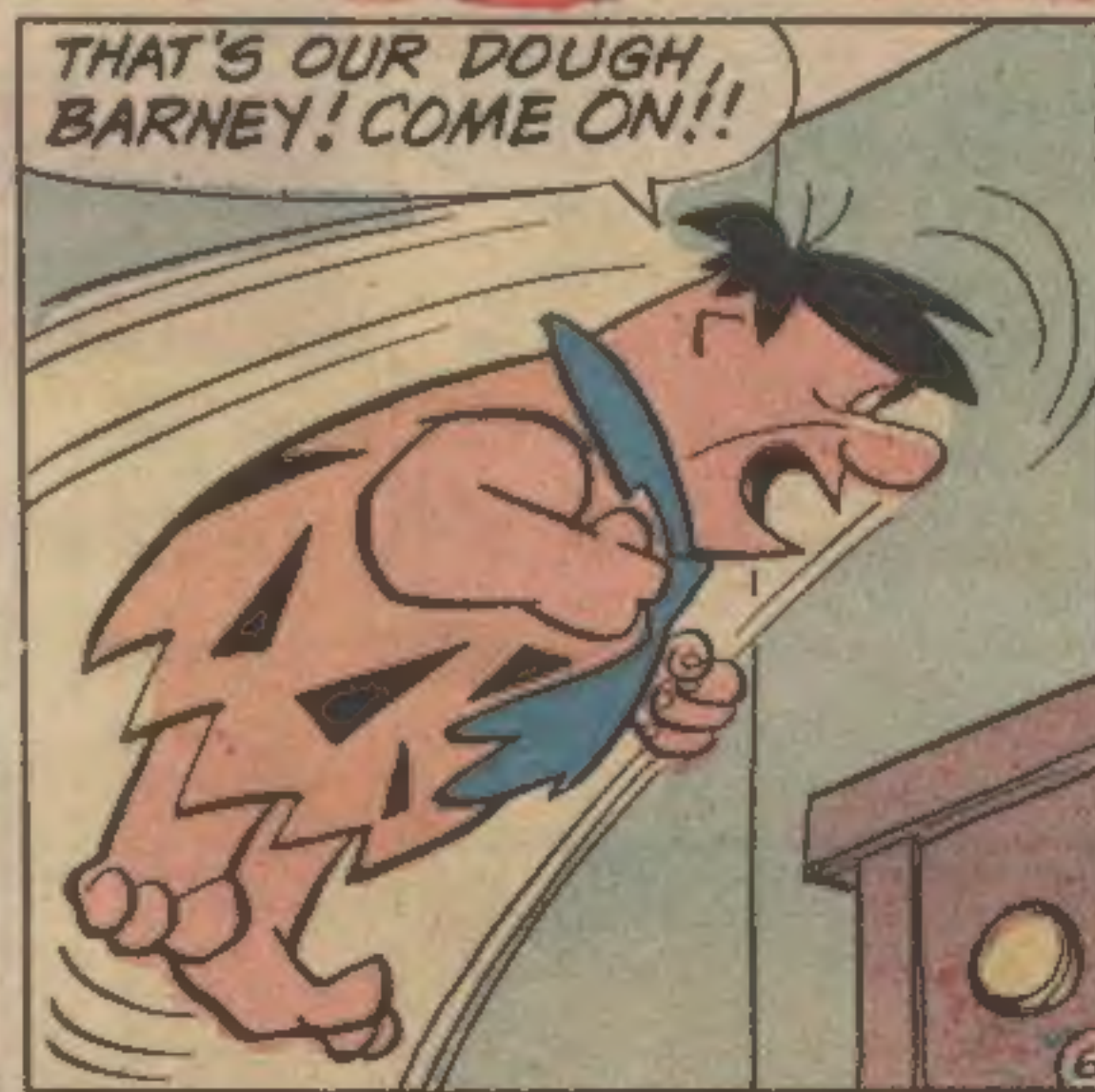












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CAREY WITH A ... K

My first appointment as a teacher was to P.S. 36 which was located on the west side of our city. I was young, and full of energy and enthusiasm. I wanted to be a good teacher in my chosen profession. I taught there for five years and then went to a junior high school. That was a promotion for me. The only trouble with teaching is that you come up against a lot of situations which could be bewildering to you. You were never taught about their existence or how to handle them by the professors in the education courses. You may meet an adult and talk about teachers. Then the man or woman will sooner or later say: "Now there was a teacher I will never forget." The reverse is true. As a teacher, there are students I will never forget. One of them is Carey.

He insisted on spelling his name as Karey. Carey with a K if that is how you want to phrase it. He could wreck any lesson of mine without even trying to accomplish that disaster. English is not an easy language to teach, especially the pronunciation of words, since we are not a phonetic tongue. On that day, I said to my class:

"You have to memorize how to pronounce some words correctly. The combination of 'su' is usually easy to say. You have such words as summer, sun, and supper. But to the best of my knowledge, we have only one word in our language where the combination of su is pronounced shu; and that word is sugar."

In a flash up went the hand of Karey. I told him to stand.

"Teacher," he said to me. "I am not so sure about that."

Another time, we were discussing mythology. I told them some stories from different countries based on the idea of an elf, fairy, or a magic spirit giving a person three wishes.

"Now what would you ask for if you had three wishes," I smiled at my class.

"I want, first of all, a magic bat so that when I hit a baseball in a game I always make a home run," said Peter. "Then next, I want a small automobile for myself — one that runs without gas; and for the third, of course, a million dollars."

"I know what I would want," contributed Marsha. "First of all, the next time Jimmy pulls my hair, I would like to see him get an electric shock. Next, I

want a hundred new dresses. Finally, why a million dollars? Give me two million dollars."

Karey waved his hand up and down and then around like some kind of a windmill going wild.

"They don't know what they are talking about," he told the class. "That goes for all the dopes in the stories you have told us. My first wish is simple. I want to have unlimited wishes. Get it? Take my time thinking of what I want. But whenever I want it, I get it."

Knew something? I hate to admit it, but I think Karey was right about it. Only I did not tell him. For some reason or another, he refused to do three special assignments. So I gave him a fifty in red ink for his midterm mark. He remained in school after three to "fight it out with me."

"You are not giving me what I am worth," he protested to me.

"Correct," I snapped back at him. "I admit I am not giving you what you are worth."

"Does that mean you will change the mark?" he asked. "If I go home with that mark my father won't take me fishing with him this Saturday. I always catch a lot of flounders. I can catch some for you."

Sounded like a bribe. Then I explained matters to him clearly.

"You refused to do those special assignments. I think you are only worth 25 percent. But being generous, I gave you more than you are worth. Now if you want me to change the mark to half, I will do it right now."

It took him less than a minute to figure out what I had said and also to come up with a counterplan.

"I figure I am worth 90 percent at least," he said very seriously. "So we compromise. Didn't you teach us last week that compromise was better than fighting? Fifty from ninety leaves forty-five. Take one third of forty-five and you get fifteen. Add that fifteen to my fifty and you get a passing mark for me of sixty-five. In addition, I bet I will get that ninety the next marking period."

So what could I do? I knew I was beaten. I changed his mark as requested. Sure enough, his next mark was a ninety. I don't know what he became in adult life: a doctor, a business man, a professional ball player, or maybe a fine golfer. But of one thing, I am certain. He knew how to talk.